Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

FIFTEEN CENTS APRIL 9, 1949

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By NORMAN COUSINS

(See Editorials)

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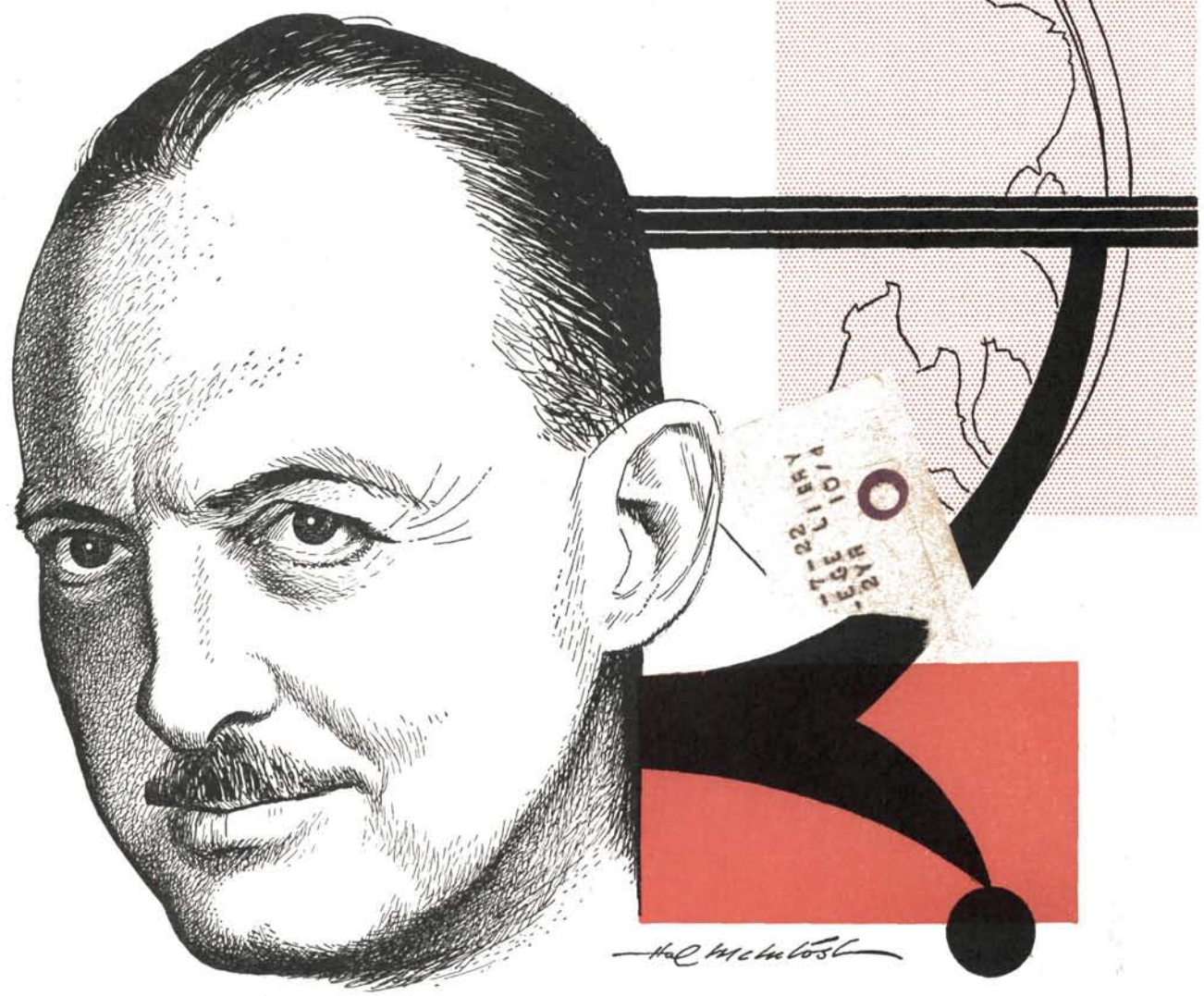

Owen Lattimore, author of "The Situation in Asia." (See page 9)

Latin America: A Cultural Inventory

By WALDO FRANK

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DOLLAR BARGAINS

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TRADE Winds

HOME IS THE wanderer from another six-week jaunt to the Pacific Coast, and about ready to admit that all this lecturing can no longer be written off as a casual by-product. When people stop saying, "It's good to see one publisher who wants to know how people live on the other side of the Hudson," and greet you with a "What, back again so *soon*?," you know you've lost your amateur status!

I enjoy my travels more and more. The infinite wonders of America and the overwhelming friendliness and good will of its citizens become clear only after you start poking into its out-of-the-way corners. The people who shuttle between New York and California by one-stop plane gain a lot of time but miss most of the country's sights and all of its flavor. . . .

THIS YEAR I WENT WEST by way of Texas and Oklahoma and returned by a route that was new to me: Fresno, Stockton, Reno, St. Louis, Columbus, and Frederick, Maryland, with a week end in the Ozark country as a highlight. I collected lots of stories en route and TRADE WINDS readers will have to bear with me while I get them off my chest. In Hollywood, Herman Mankiewicz remarked ironically, "I can hardly wait to read about your visit to the booksellers in Pizitz, Iowa." Now is the hour, Mr. M! . . .

If there is a serious depression in store for us this year or next, I saw no sign of it. I had talks with Irving Olds, the steel tycoon, E. De Golyer, the oil tycoon and geologist, Henry J. Kaiser, the automobile and what-have-you tycoon, and Robert Campbell, the general all-round-tycoon-in-a-woodpile, and every one of them expressed quiet, if measured optimism. Not one bookseller I encountered had fallen more than five per cent behind last year's satisfactory figures; many actually were ahead. Their inventories, furthermore, were on the low side in most cases, with wartime junk completely jettisoned. The one fly in the ointment was the continuing shrinkage of the net profit percentage. Overheads have reached the danger point. Any further increases—particularly in the book world—may spell disaster. . . .

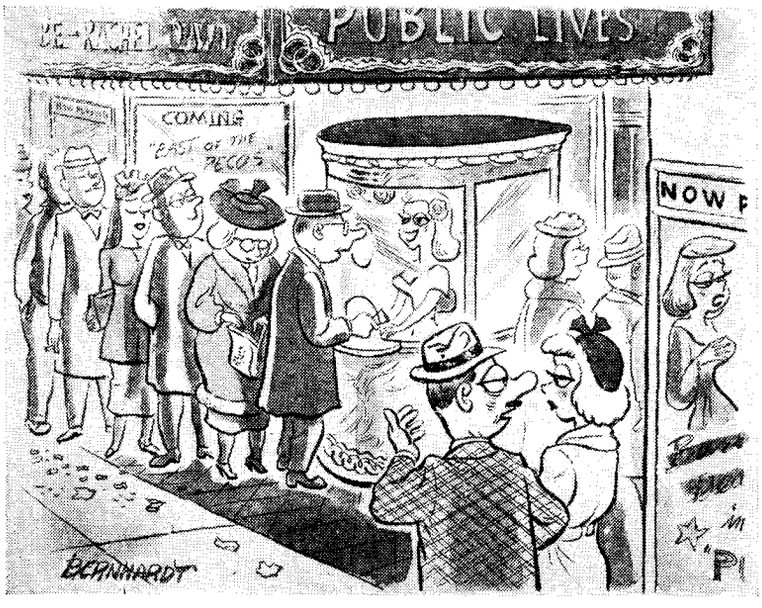
I WAS FASCINATED BY THE rehabilitation job performed by most of the railroads. They accomplished miracles during the war, with the result that roadbeds and rolling stock went pretty much to pot. The Western roads I hit —Southern Pacific, Santa Fe, Frisco, Union Pacific—not only had repaired the ravages, but were offering better service than ever before. That made the shock of my trip on the Pennsylvania from St. Louis to Columbus all the greater. I recommend this run to anybody who yearns to experience for himself all the hardships suffered by our pioneering ancestors in covered-wagon days. The train that carried me on this spectacular run (the "Allegheny") pulled out of St. Louis at 11:10 P.M.—thirty minutes late. The engineer made this up by the time we reached Indianapolis—and saw to it that all the passengers were awake to appreciate his triumph. At 3:00 A.M. I summoned the porter and claimed a technical victory: I had not fallen out of the berth once. At 7:00, however, I had to call him back to admit that the engineer had squared accounts when I tried to shave. Blood hasn't flown so freely since the Hatfield-McCoy feud.

Knowing friends in Columbus laughed at my indignation. "You haven't seen anything yet," they assured me. "That was all flat country. You're headed for Baltimore, eh? Wait till you hit that mountain stretch east of here!" That's why I flew from Columbus to New York, and completed my journey to Maryland on a New Haven Pullman.

The directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad have just raised the annual dividend. They also are advertising proudly some new equipment for the Broadway Limited. I wonder how many of them have made the St. Louis-Philadelphia run personally since the war? I wonder if they have bothered to learn what the population in that area is saying about their service? If TRADE WINDS readers will write me their own experiences, I will be happy to forward their letters in a bundle to the president of the line. Railroads today make their profits almost exclusively from hauling freight, but passengers still have certain rights—if they will bother to demand them loudly enough! . . .

THESE MID-WINTER JAUNTS of mine present certain family problems. My bride, of course, accompanies me, and usually does a bit of shopping while I talk, a system that invariably leaves a smart deficit at the conclusion of the tour. As I remarked to Kevin Wallace, of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "One more town and I'm busted!" Mrs. Cerf was visiting with a charming gentleman named Magnin at the time. . . . My sons are left behind in New York. Three-year-old Jonathan viewed our departure with disquieting equanimity, but Christopher, nearing eight, deeply resented staying in New York in school. Seeing us off at La Guardia Airport, he confided sadly, "Daddy, I have a terrible stomach-ache—and it's the exact shape of California!" Having studied both Arnold Gesell's book and Flanders Dunbar's forthcoming treatise on emotion problems of children, I was able to assuage his suffering by promising him a special trip to Washington when we got back, a personal introduction to Howdy Doody, a bicycle, and an extra week in Provincetown this summer. Never coddle your children, say I. . . .

MY FIRST STOP WAS FORT WORTH, with time out to visit old friends in Dallas



"Why stand in line, when we can see it in television in 1954?"

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"I'm going to name it 'Rose' after my wife."

—Liz McMurray, Jimmy Albright, Lon Tinkle, the De Golyers, John Rosenfield, Stanley Marcus, *et al.* . . . Neiman Marcus's long projected Texas cook book soon will be ready for the printers. Albright's Cokesbury Book Store, already one of the biggest and most beautiful in the country, is opening a big annex in a month or two. Lon Tinkle is installed in his office in the swanky new plant of the *Daily News*. These Texans never stand still! . . . In Fort Worth the book fraternity is a friendly and optimistic lot: Helen Clendening at Stripling's (now assisted by Paul Rossiter, late of the Harvard Co-op); Vernol Mayer at Schermerhorn's; Miss Brittain at Monnig's, and Mrs. Lowell Hopkins at Cox's. Richard Verdery, of Putnam's, made the rounds with me. It's his first taste of the Southwest and he's eating it up. "I travel and travel," he reported, "but I never seem to get out of Texas. And that's perfectly all right with me." . . . At the Rivercrest Club I spoke to about 800 lovely ladies and one lone male, who turned out to be Boyce House, the Texas author and humorist. . . . According to Jimmy Albright, Boyce once prophesied a blizzard for Fort Worth in the middle of August. "Everybody will think you're stark mad," Albright warned him. "I know," conceded Boyce, "but what a prophet I'll be if it comes true!" . . .

The good citizens of Fort Worth still refuse to give neighboring Dallasites the time of day, though the thirty miles along Route 80 that separate the two cities are being built up so fast, you soon won't know where Fort Worth ends and Dallas begins. Amon Carter, Fort Worth's peppery newspaper magnate, won't spend a penny in Dallas: when he has to run over for a business conference, he carries his luncheon in a bag. When an oil company erected a huge neon sign atop the Magnolia Building featuring its trade mark, a red horse, Carter snorted, "I always knew Dallas was a one-horse town. Now they're advertising the fact!" . . .

UNITED STATES STEEL SPONSORS the Theatre Guild of the Air, and Chairman Irving S. Olds was in Dallas for a broadcast of "Beyond the Horizon" in the presence of Texas executives of the company. Accompanying Olds were Lawrence Langner, luscious Carol Erwin, and Mrs. Olds, a dreamy creature who knows most of "Shake Well Before Using" by heart. . . . Mr. Olds told me about his fortieth reunion at Yale two years ago, enlivened by the speech of a classmate named Sinclair Lewis, who insisted upon reminding them all of undergraduate peccadilloes they fervently hoped had been forgotten years before. . . .

The late Texas Guinan, said Mr. Olds, once resolved to portray the role of Aimee Semple McPherson on the Broadway stage, and, for some reason, thought that Yale '07 in general, and Mr. Olds in particular, should finance the production. "We declined," Mr. Olds admitted, "but soaked up a lot of atmosphere while investigating the proposition." Tex had met the persuasive Aimee while exchanging guest shots for publicity purposes. When Aimee introduced Tex to her flock, she said, "I'd ask her to sing but I'm afraid she doesn't know any hymns." "The hell you say," cried Tex. "I know every hymn in New York!"

John Rosenfield recalls *Variety*'s story when Miss Guinan announced that she was Hollywood-bound to play September Morn. The headline was, "Give This Little Girl a Great Big Hand."

—Bennett Cerf.

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*

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. . . a liberal's liberal

MAX LERNER,
author of ACTIONS AND PASSIONS

In the lower right-hand corner of the last *Invitation to Lerner* your correspondent pinned a gentle R.S.V.P. asking for ten-word definitions of "a liberal."

Almost one hundred replies, by mail, wire, and fast courier, from all parts of the country have literally inundated THE INNER SANCTUM.

After much screening, deliberation and soul-searching, ten first-edition copies of *Actions and Passions*, with the inscriptions of Max Lerner and the compliments of the publishers, are going out as prizes to the authors of these ten definitions:

A liberal is a man with mind and heart open.
—W. L. SPRUCE

A liberal is not afraid to examine a new idea.
—MRS. F. C. LAIRD

I am a liberal. Agree with me, you're a liberal. —E. U. M. GILBERT

A liberal respects the future as well as the past. —MRS. SAMUEL SMITH

A liberal, Max Lerner. (The best definition I know.) —J. C. EDWARDS

A liberal is a man who will not tolerate intolerance. —MILDRED PHIPPS

A liberal is a man who is prejudiced only against prejudice. *(Dead heat)*
—ROBERT R. HUME
—JENS NYHOLM

A liberal believes in the freedom of actions and passions. —FRED SNYDER

A liberal unreservedly gives another person freedoms he demands for himself.
—NORMAN J. COLE

For the record, your correspondent adds Max Lerner's own favorite definition: "*A liberal is a man who wants both groceries and freedom.*"

If each contestant, win, lose, or draw, tells a fellow-liberal, a chain-reaction may possibly develop that will have some bookstore reverberations. For it is no longer a secret that *Actions and Passions* is now on sale wherever books are sold.

In fact, your correspondent actually saw a Madison Avenue dealer "beat the gun" by selling a copy forty-eight hours before the official publication date. The proud publishers interpreted this technical infraction of the trade rules in a most liberal spirit.

—M.L.S.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Latin America: A Cultural Inventory

WALDO FRANK

—Eric Schall.

Waldo Frank

THIS is a dangerous and a creative hour of the Hispano-American republics. During the last half century, in various ways and degrees, they have liquidated their pasts and become candidates for citizenship in a new world. Even the weakest of them can no longer live as yesterday; even the strongest do not know how to switch to the present and the future. It is not easy to generalize about a family of nations so profoundly diverse. But from Indian Mexico to Caucasian Argentina, from hot Cuba with its African element to cold Chile with its Basque-German-Araucanian bloods, they do have common values, and at present they have common troubles. Let us take a handful of recent news items from Latin America, and see if anything connects them.

Argentina, which at the beginning of the nineteenth century produced a group of democratic thinkers comparable with Madison and Jefferson, turns abruptly from several generations of constitutional progress; throws out a noble, liberal President (weak in the technics of government) who was breaking up the big *estancias* into small farms, encouraging immigration, developing home industry; and hands itself over through popular election to a shrewd military operator with designs of continental grandeur.

Peru, misgoverned for a century by generals and large land-owners, at last gives a great majority to a democratic party which, in two years, fumbles the ball that bounces back into the hands of the soldiers.

Venezuela, exhausted by the War of Independence, in which it played a role vastly disproportionate to its size, emerges from the brutal and corrupt tyranny of Gómez, who stole a personal fortune of $200,000,000 from Venezuelan oil; chooses as President a great teacher and novelist; and in less than a year Rómulo Gallegos is thrown out by the young army officers who made possible the superb constitution by which Gallegos was elected.

Over the whole continent-and-a-half food prices since 1939 soar 400 per cent. Nations at last psychologically ready to weave their own cloth, make their own shoes, mine their own metals, lack the tools, and cannot buy them from USA, which sends down tanks and bombers for their reactionary armies. In April 1948 a Pan-American conference opens at Bogotá, capital of Colombia, a nation with an admirable record of civil rule. The Conservative President gets his instructions from the American Secretary of State: Labor is not to be heard; such urgent Latin American needs as machinery and food are not to be discussed; Colombia's loved liberal leader Gaitán is not to be a delegate; Communism, Russia, China, Europe—in fact, the whole world outside America Hispana is to "come first." A crazy Fascist shoots Gaitán; the whole city of Bogotá rises in fury. The conference gesticulates; the police look on; while the crowds raid gas stations for fuel, hardware stores for weapons (they typically left the banks alone), and burn ten city blocks and most of the government buildings, including—alas!—the Foreign Office, the gracious colonial palace of San Carlos, where Bolívar lived. In this handsome city of Bogotá, "Athens of America," whose heart has been destroyed by its own people, the best sellers are books of verse (exquisite and empty), and the novel of social criticism is practically nonexistent. In Ecuador, Colombia's southern neighbor, with a great Indian population, the social novel is vigorous and popular; and the liberal President, Galo Plaza, buys tractors and dynamos wherever he can, for the farm communities. Even so, a third of Ecuador's income goes to the Army. A few weeks ago the Army paraded in commemorative mourning for the nation's loss of its eastern territory to Peru. The man in the street tells

—Courtesy Pan American Union.

Chile's Gabriela Mistral (Nobel Prize winner) and Pablo Neruda, two of Latin America's three most famous poets—"Latin America . . . today has no culture . . . of its own."

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you the land was stolen, because at the 1942 Rio de Janeiro Congress of American nations Ecuador's sister republics did not dare stand up against USA. "And why did the U. S. favor big Peru against little Ecuador?" "It was war, and Washington thought it needed the oil of Peruvian Talara." The night of the parade the nervous city of Quito, its head full of the tanks it has just seen, turns on the radio. The simulated voices of the mayor and the minister of defense describe the country's invasion by strange lethal forces, calling on the people to "be calm." Halfway down the program comes the commercial: a soft drink. *Orangine*. The Quiteños, mad because they were scared, march to the center of town and burn the newspaper that owned and housed the guilty radio station. Ecuador's young novelists are for the most part Communists or left-wing Socialists. Ditto the excellent novelists of Brazil. Two of Latin America's three most famous poets are Communists: Pablo Neruda of Chile, Nicolás Guillén, a Cuban Negro. (The third, Gabriela Mistral, won the Nobel Prize.) But in Colombia the youth in large numbers turn to the Church; in Mexico a whole bevy of fastidious poets toy with a native version of Fascism; and in Brazil, half of whose population has African blood, whose best novelist was a mulatto, and whose sculptor O Aleijandrinho, son of a Negro slave, produced the greatest plastic art of both Americas since the Mayas, there has flourished a school of social criticism based on the German nonsense of "Nordic superiority." In the lovely south Colombian city of Popayán lives a great old man: at eighty-seven Baldamiro Sanín Cano holds his place as dean and best beloved of Latin American liberal essayists. But if in one of his weekly articles for *El Tiempo* of Bogotá he includes a slur on the Church hierarchy, the liberal newspaper deletes it. Sanín Cano resides in the house of an old companion, now dead: Guillermo Valencia, the Catholic poet whose prosodic perfection was comparable only to the best of Valéry, Mallarmé, and Rilke. One of the poet's sons, professor at the ancient local university, is leader of the city's Communist Party. And twenty miles away, in the lush valley of the Cauca, the peasants, lacking plows, turn the soil with spades and machetes—made in Connecticut. The leader of the Communists in Venezuela is the brother of one of the country's richest diamond magnates, and they are very good friends. When President Gallegos was thrown out of office, the diamond magnate, a liberal, was heartbroken, and the Communist brother could not disguise his satisfaction. Neither could Perón's Ambassador in Caracas, who openly boasted that he had helped to overcome the soldiers' scruples. A few days ago the sorely exploited sugar workers in northern Argentina—60,000 of them—quit work; the strike was organized by Perón, whose two-edged sword is to pose as the friend of labor and keep big business in line. Not only intellectuals are invited to Buenos Aires on Perón's lavish cultural missions; even the firemen and mechanics of the sister republics learn at first hand the splendors of Argentina and its new regime. Disease and poverty still rule among the peasants of America Hispana, and many of the poorest live in the neighborhood of churches, pure gold from choir to altar, that are architectural glories.

—*From "Portrait of Latin America."*

"Prayers," by Alberto Nicasio.

WHAT does this hodgepodge of seemingly unrelated items add up to? Latin America is rich in the elements of past cultures, but has today no culture, no civilization of its own. From its cultural and ethnic pasts, from its present potential resources, it has preserved all that is needed for the creation of great life; but thus far it lacks the technics and the methods. The Indian who lives today in the Andes, from Mexico to Bolivia, has forgotten his great pre-Columbian cultures: Aztec, Toltec, Zapotec, Chibcha, Quichua, San Agustín, Aymara. But if you know him you come to recognize, beneath his retirement and stubborn resistance and even within his frequent neurosis, that he is the child of a great future. The Negro, an important ethnic factor along all the coasts from the Caribbean south to Brazil and Ecuador, despite his exploitation by the whites has been able to breathe, to grow, to create, and to collaborate within the racially liberal air of the Catholic faith. Spain and Portugal produced great colonial cultures, and have preserved, in their fusion with other races, the essence of the Hispanic genius. There was even for a while a very respectable post-colonial culture, half feudal, half republican, in countries like Argentina, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica. All these cultures of pre-scientific ages are in liquidation. But the values and *the energy* of none of them have been destroyed. (This is the great virtue of Hispanic colonization, its great difference from that of other European peoples.) The result is a continent-and-a-half overloaded with human riches; a contemporary chaos that refuses to resolve itself by simplification or elimination of any of its parts, but that has not yet solved the problems of its transformation into modern life. For these are largely *technical* problems (democratic politics is a technic, no less than communication, production, education). And in the realms of modern technology, these people are still children.

The eighteenth century was the mother of modern technics, political and mechanical. The peoples of America Hispana are the heirs of earlier, pre-scientific ages, whose values and

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whose human ends were esthetic, philosophical, martial, personal—or merely, as with the Negro in his African jungle, physical survival against an undominated nature. Look at the geography of America Hispana: the huge perpendicular mountains isolating valley from valley and town from town, the cold, bare peaks and jungle bases, the hot plains that the rains flood and the dry season bakes to desert, the forests of fever and swamp, bloating the children's bellies, softening the will of the parents. And observe the human splendors—Mexico, Guatemala, Minas Geraes, Quito, Cuzco, a thousand others—that men with no machines but their stout hearts have built within this fury. Consider the grace and ease of their intimate lives, their high arts and their folk arts, their customs that bespeak a vision of human destiny lyrical and tragic. Consider the victories of racial freedom which have emerged from their dark pasts of racial exploitation. Do not forget that a backwoodsman with a musket and an axe, a log cabin and a fireplace, could beat a New England winter; whereas the conquest of the heat of the tropics, the drouth of the deserts, the jungle diseases of the blood and will, needed methodologies unknown until the present.

But we, not they, are the direct heirs of the century which founded these technics and methods. By the measure of unity and efficacy, we of USA do have a culture. It is not the culture of Goethe, not the culture of Jefferson and Lincoln, whose roots lived in the same deep Mediterranean soil that bore the cultures of Hispania. It is not even the Renaissance culture (Newton, Kepler, Copernicus, Galileo) that formulated the natural laws needed to make atomic bombs and bombers. Our present-day culture is the ill-nourished, rachitic child of technics: of means with no vision of ends, of goods with no vision of the good, of democratic order (a political technic) with only a dim sense of the human destiny and duty, first articulated by the Hebrew prophets, that gives substance to order. For our democratic experiment station, we had an easy, fertile seaboard, colonized by a comparatively homogeneous people. We perfected our great political machine the Constitution. Then we spread slowly west, beyond frontiers defended only by weak nomad Indians and mountains that are hillocks compared to the Andes. If the problems of America Hispana—telluric, ethnic, economic—have been too complex to be solved, ours perhaps have been too simple. At any rate, we have solved them too simply by oversimpli-

(*Continued on page 29*)

The World.

Americans who take an interest in affairs overseas are so accustomed to concentrate on Europe that they often ignore the major battle in the cold war being fought in Asia. The three-sided struggle between the Asiatics, the Western powers, and Russia will become far easier to understand through a reading of some half dozen notable books of the past several years. Owen Lattimore, whose brilliant "The Situation in Asia" is reviewed below, is author of the equally able "China: A Short History" and "Solution in Asia." Other fine books are Richard E. Lauterbach's "Danger from the East" and Harold Isaacs's "No Peace in Asia." . . . Two more books reviewed here deal with the Orient: George Creel's disappointing "Russia's Race for Asia," and David Morris's "China Changed My Mind," the latter a report on how two years in that country altered a young man's personality and philosophy.

Potential Third Quotient of Power

THE SITUATION IN ASIA. By Owen Lattimore. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1949. 244 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD E. LAUTERBACH

FOUR years ago in his brilliant and compact book "Solution in Asia" Professor Lattimore analytically probed the future facing the peoples of the Orient and those who dealt with them immediately after the end of the war against Japan. He also presented a constructive program for an American policy in the Far East which, if followed, might have slowed the processes of change in Asia. He warned what would occur if our fear of change *per se* led to American support for governments without popular support.

Reexamination of this last book reveals that the author—and not U.S. policy-makers—correctly called the turn on events in Korea, China, Japan, Indonesia, and elsewhere. Now in his new work, "Situation in Asia," Lattimore draws a balance sheet of our successes and failures in that area and goes even further in his admonitions against the shaky and illusory bases of our current Far-Eastern policies. As usual, he makes a difficult subject so clear that even our Congressional "experts" should, technically, be able to cope with it.

The United States and the other interested nations must now recognize,

Lattimore writes, that Asia has become "a part of the world where the great powers can no longer lay down the law as they did in the nineteenth century and the early part of the twentieth century." He sketches in sufficient historical background to show why Asia is "out of control" and then proceeds, after an accurate and vivid description of current conditions, to indicate what we must do. He sees our task as helping to change an Asia we are not strong enough to control into an Asia strong enough to refuse to be controlled by the Russians.

If this stabilization is achieved, Lattimore believes, the key nations of the Orient can become "third countries." They would serve as a third quotient of power, aiding the maintenance of peace by eluding the orbits of both the U.S. and the USSR. The author argues that "third countries" could be more vigorous and effective than the "third force" as an alternative to the American or Soviet way because they represent whole peoples rather than a class. Potentially such "third countries" might develop in Eastern Europe, awakening Africa, Latin America, and eventually develop in Western Europe.

Establishment of "third country" buffers in Asia would not be a retreat for the U.S. but an advance over our present position vis-à-vis the Russians. We are on the outside looking in, Lattimore reminds us, while the Russians are on the inside looking out. He underlines this by reiterating the realities of Russian geography in the application of the Soviet "power of attraction" to backward countries, a theory developed in previous Lattimore books.

Lattimore's succinct appraisal of how we failed to create the kind of democratic state we wanted in South

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Korea is the sharpest example of our postwar failure in Asia. For the Russians have been able to achieve what they were after in North Korea. "Unless we can learn to match the Russians in professional skill in the art of influencing revolutions which we cannot control," Lattimore warns, "the advantage will lie with them."

In his evaluation of the new Japan the author shatters one of our smuggest illusions of success. Here, as elsewhere, he blames the undoing of a workable occupation blueprint on the 80th Congress. Although the Supreme Commander gets highest marks as general and statesman, Lattimore finds Japan likely to blow up "like a stink bomb" and become more anti-American than anti-Russian.

In China we were under the delusion that we supported "capitalism" by backing Chiang Kai-shek. Nothing, Lattimore points out, could be further from fact. He also doubts the widely accepted notion that Chiang's defeat means that the Kremlin can take over China. Japan could not with military force, we could not with money, and Russia will not, he says, with political persuasiveness.

Lattimore offers a convincing interpretation of why the Communists are winning in China—or rather why the Kuomintang has lost. He boldly discusses the future problems of the Chinese Reds as a government, predicts shifts in their leadership and policies, and cautions Washington not to punish the Chinese, or any other people, for having a government which we did not approve in advance. He approves in principle Truman's program for aiding undeveloped countries but states that we cannot succeed for long "in demanding bad political relations with Russia as the price of good economic relations with America."

In this small book Professor Lattimore has managed to pack a treasure house of wisdom. There are plenty of facts, but what is more important there are stimulating and challenging ideas to go with them. Unlike other Far-Eastern experts, Lattimore has carefully related Asia and our policy there to domestic issues and to our present paramount interest in ERP and the Atlantic Pact.

Although this book was quickly put together, with some of the resulting virtues of spontaneous writing and drawbacks of hasty organization, there is nothing slapdash about the thinking. "Situation in Asia" is must reading for everybody who wants to do his own thinking.

Richard E. Lauterbach, former editor of the magazine '48, is author of "Danger from the East."

THE AUTHOR: Owen Lattimore may well be our best Asia analyst. But his 1941 detail as Chiang Kai-shek's personal political adviser also made him one of the most controversial. What he counseled the Generalissimo only he and the State Department know. Mr. Lattimore is affable but not among those blessed by FDR who break confidence in print, and, of his dozen books and syndicated column, "The Situation in Asia" is no exception. He was deputy director of OWI in the Far East and Pacific, accompanied Henry Wallace to Siberia and China in 1944, was with the first U. S. Reparations Mission in Japan. For any I-told-you-sos he points to 1945's "Solution in Asia," which predicted many current woes. His professor father took him in infancy to China, taught him French, German, and R's. He attended a Swiss school for one year and Cumberland, England's St. Bees for four. Back in China at age nineteen, he clerked for a British firm at Tientsin, was briefly sub-editor of the Peking and Tientsin *Times*, returned to business in more executive capacity, then dished it to join a Mongolian caravan. Twelve hundred miles by camel later the Soviet refused him a visa to Siberia to meet his wife, who stoutly sleighed 400 miles to find him. Together they covered Sinkiang on horseback, crossed the Five Great Passes into Kashmir and India, and sailed for Rome, where he wrote a book. From 1929-33, with Social Science Research Council, Harvard-Yenching, and Guggenheim grants, he explored Sinology in general and Manchuria in particular. He was *Pacific Affairs* editor 1933-38, then became director of the Walter Hines Page School of International Relations at Johns Hopkins, where he is conducting a special seminar. A study of Chinese central Asia will be published next fall. He warns: "Where we do not have the power to get exactly what we want, we must negotiate and combine our interests with those of others in order to get as much as possible of what we need." —R. G.

Burma Road Trucker

CHINA CHANGED MY MIND. By David Morris. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1949. 202 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by STUART LILLICO

If a Chinese university student without a word of English were shipped to London in wartime and there, on the day of his arrival, were put in a lorry in which he traveled up and down the Great North Road for two years, living either in a hostel with other Chinese or in lorry-hops on the road, he would probably obtain a distorted view of England.

CLAIMING a comparable ignorance of China, David Morris, a Welsh student at Oxford, begins an unpretentious but absorbing account of two years in wartime China. He is unduly modest. "China Changed My Mind" tells of a period in the life of China and of Morris that is unique.

His experience dated from the humid afternoon early in 1942 when he dragged his gear across the Kunming airfield after a long, slow trip from London in a British troopship by way of South Africa and a rough plane ride over the "Hump." A pacifist of sufficient conviction to win exemption from military duty, Morris had joined a Friends ambulance unit being organized in London for service in China. For the next two years he drove (and repaired) a series of decrepit trucks up and down the Burma Road, from Kweiyang to Chungking, from Kutsing to Kunming, from Chengtu to Kweilin. He absorbed the life around him—the heady beauty of Southwest China and the sickening corruption. He watched pityingly while soldiers died by the roadside, a thousand miles from home; he enjoyed the comradeship of the highway; he struggled against the barriers to international amity. He saw China from a level that few Occidentals reach, and none of the others have been sufficiently literate to tell the story so well.

In all truth, Morris has not written a book *on* China. Rather, it is about himself in China—the things he saw and did and thought, his reactions to Chinese habits and institutions, his relations with man, nature, and machinery.

Although pacifism is mentioned infrequently, it is always just under the surface. It is the reason for Morris's being in China, and the only justification for his exemption from the British Army. Obviously, he struggled constantly with his conscience over whether he was worthy of his position. All the hundred-odd

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Britons, Americans, and Chinese in the ambulance unit had the same problem. The greatest moral hurdle was not in justifying the impersonal war, but in steeling oneself against an inevitable attack by bandits, soldiers, or sneak thieves. When the drivers realized they were prepared to defend their trucks and cargoes with force, if necessary, they knew they were no longer pacifists. Many put off the step, but eventually these men resigned from the unit and joined the British and American armies.

After two years of truck driving, Morris fell on the same hurdle. His decision was precipitated by a trivial row with half a dozen Chinese soldiers who tried to climb aboard his truck at a stop. The argument led to blows and to the conviction that his pacifism was no longer bona fide. On his arrival in Kunming he boarded a plane for India to enlist.

Actually, Morris's abandonment of pacifism is a trifle anti-climactic. But the chronicle of events is not the important element of this book, anyhow. The important thing is the author's thoughts, experiences, and observations, many of which are penetrating. It is a truism that China has a multitude of faces, and that no two Occidentals ever see her the same. Were it necessary to demonstrate this proposition it could hardly be done better than by contrasting Morris's book with other recent reports by—say—General Chennault, Agnes Smedley, and George Creel. The comparison is startling—and enlightening on the bewildering complexity of the "China problem."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 302

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 302 will be found in the next issue.

KCGFA LDHBOGNN EN

NGHBDP REASDTA NDPG

FLNTCBEAQ.

WCFOXEN LFXDO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 301

Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.
YOUNG—Night Thoughts.

Four-Century Marathon

RUSSIA'S RACE FOR ASIA. By George Creel. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1949. 264 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by EDGAR SNOW

GEORGE CREEL headed Woodrow Wilson's information committee in World War I, which may explain some of the confusion accompanying that affair, unless Mr. Creel then had greater esteem for accuracy than he demonstrates in the volume under review. Part of his trouble may be that he never found time to visit the Far East, apparently, until last year. It is a pity that he did not go a little earlier or stay a little longer before writing about China. Every chapter, indeed nearly every page, of his book, "Russia's Race for Asia," is distinguished by errors of fact, judgment, and understanding which must be obvious even to those who have read only those few books about China which Creel himself quotes—often out of context—for his purposes.

The author notes at the outset just what those purposes are. The first is to prove that China's Reds are mere puppets of Moscow, the mere means to Russia's conquest of all Asia. The second is to show how Roosevelt and Truman are responsible for the Reds' successes; we betrayed China consistently after 1937 but particularly since 1945, when we supposedly abandoned Chiang Kai-shek. Another Creel purpose is to acquit the Generalissimo & Co. of charges of either corruption or dictatorship; it seems that Chiang Kai-shek "held his country and his people together by sheer force of character" for thirty years.

If the latter is quite a trick it is no more formidable than the task which Mr. Creel assigns to himself—enough to challenge all the skill of the most gifted polemicist working in a thoroughly familiar milieu. Mr. Creel's own approach includes a hasty rehash of Chinese revolutionary history, some references to the rise of the Kuomintang and the Communist party, and mention of the Sian Incident of 1936, to bring us up to the outbreak of the Sino-Japanese war in 1937.

The Chinese Reds are largely blamed for Chiang Kai-shek's defeats and difficulties before Pearl Harbor; after that, General Stilwell becomes the chief culprit. China is almost ruined in this period by the combination of American aid and Vinegar Joe's attempts to make an army out of Chiang Kai-shek's diseased, hungry, ill-led, ill-trained troops. The situation is saved at last when, in 1944, General Stilwell is relieved by General Wedemeyer, who, according to Creel, was a big improvement. Indeed he was on the way to become China's savior when he was frustrated by the conspiracy of Roosevelt-Truman policy, which interfered with a well-laid Chiang-Wedemeyer design to destroy the Chinese Reds.

—*From the* New York Star.

"Can It Be Worse?"

"The Yalta betrayals"—Creel means the terms of Sino-American agreement which recognized Chiang Kai-shek's authority in Manchuria, where he had never ruled before—were our worst sin. After that Truman sent out General Marshall to China because—judging from Creel's comment—the Reds weren't doing so well. Marshall soon fixed things up for the Communists; they arranged for him to call for a truce in the civil war whenever the Generalissimo seemed about to gain some advantage. The "Gissimo" always honorably ceased fire at Marshall's request while the Reds invariably violated the order until they were in position for new attacks. Chiang was repeatedly taken by surprise.

After Marshall had thus done what he could to defeat Chiang Kai-shek by permitting the Reds to make use of such ingenious devices, the decrepit general washed his hands of China and returned to become Secretary of State. In Washington he continued to oppose aid to Chiang, which alone could have saved China, Asia, America, and the world. Marshall's stupidity is all the more incomprehensible in view of the fact that the Generalissimo did everything to please him. He even established a democratic government in China,

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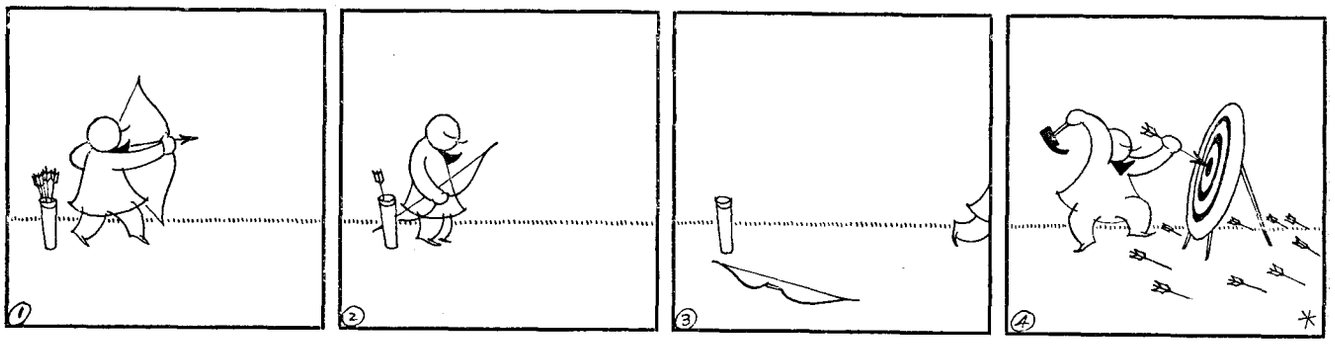

"Archery."

chosen by "free election" in which "more than half the population" (*sic*) voted.

In the last laps of "Russia's Race for Asia," the author catches up with the Russians while they are arming the Chinese Reds. He quotes as authority for that assertion General Fu Tso-yi, whom he calls the best Nationalist general in China. General Fu is now working for the Reds in Peiping. Mr. Creel elaborately doubts that the Reds ever fought the Japanese. He proves that they treacherously knifed the Generalissimo in the back—by occupying Hopei, Shantung, and Shansi in 1943—provinces from which Chiang's troops had been driven in 1937.

In the pursuit of his purpose the author makes other astonishing reports and observations, of which the following offer a fair sampling:

> That Li Li-san in 1930 "led a Red army down from the heights of the provinces of Hunan"
>
> That "Joseph Stilwell sacrificed China's best divisions by ill-fated Burma campaigns"
>
> That at General Wedemeyer's advice and requests the Chinese soldier won a "balanced diet," a pay increase from $1.50 to $30 monthly, and a selective-service system which drafted sons of the rich as well as the poor
>
> That because, in 1944, the Generalissimo's forces defeated a Japanese flank operation toward Kweiyang (provincial capital, far in West China) "more than a million and a half of Nippon's best troops were kept in China instead of being sent off to fight against MacArthur"
>
> That "while Chungking was bombed unceasingly for five years no bomb ever fell on Yenan"
>
> That "never at any time has the personal integrity of the Generalissimo been questioned"

Enough!

Serious students of such matters will know at once that the foregoing statements simply aren't true. But the book contains other contradictions, anachronisms, and logical fallacies of a more recondite nature, which it would require much more space to examine than is available here.

Mr. Creel's not very original purposes may be entirely worth while and conceivably his arguments might be proved. But he has defeated them by a technique of heavy special pleading, based upon a hasty regurgitation of poorly digested material. The result is hardly more convincing than the "shoddy propaganda" of the Communists which he abhors. Mr. Creel's imagination has perhaps been excited by a too-literal interpretation of his own title. After all, Russia's race for Asia has been going on for at least four centuries, but it is still led by "the Bear that *walks* like a man."

Edgar Snow, now an associate editor of The Saturday Evening Post, *is author of "Red Star Over China" and other books. He spent more than a decade as a correspondent in China.*

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

COMMON PATRONYMS

Clark Kinnaird, of the King Features Syndicate, points out that, though they are not related in a blood sense, each of the following groups of literary practitioners has the same last name. Allowing three points for each name you can identify, a score of sixty is par, seventy-five is very good, and eighty-one or better is excellent. Answers are on page 25.

1. E. B.; W. L.; Walter; Nelia G. .....?
2. Sinclair; Lloyd; C. S. ....?
3. Thornton; Gelett .....?
4. Pearl; Frank .....?
5. Betty; Lillian; Harrison; H. Allen ....?
6. T. S.; George F. .....?
7. Langston; Dorothy; Rupert .....?
8. Frederick L.; Hervey ....?
9. Kenneth; Elizabeth M. .....?
10. Walt; Dorothy C. .....?
11. Craig; Elmer; Cale Y. ....?
12. Elliot; Louis .....?
13. Irwin; Bernard .....?
14. Arthur; Max; Helen T.; Alice D.....?
15. Julian; F. L.; Paul .....?
16. Vardis; Steve; Dorothy C. .....?
17. Robert; George J. .....?
18. John; George Agnew .....?
19. Josephine; Hilda; D. H. .....?
20. Philip V. D.; G. B. .....?
21. James T.; Samuel H.; F. P. .....?
22. Graham; Ward .....?
23. Hesketh; Drew; Edmund L. .....?
24. Wallace; James .....?
25. Bruno; Louis .....?
26. Erskine; Taylor .....?
27. Charles R.; Joseph H.; Shirley .....?
28. Elmer; Clyde B.; H. L. .....?
29. Waldo; Jerome; John P.; Pat ....?
30. Ben A.; Tennessee; Wythe; William C. .....?
31. Margaret; Edmund .....?
32. Dorothy; Sylvia ....?
33. F. Hugh; A. P. .....?
34. Katharine; Norman .....?
35. John M.; Cecil; Frederic .....?

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Fiction. *The discovery of significant native painters, poets, and novelists in the West Indies islands and their recognition in the United States are welcome signs of the growth of Western culture. "New Day," the first novel of Victor Reid, a young Jamaican Negro, may have been motivated by the island's new constitution, which has removed the dead weight of colonial rule from its people. This patriotic and lyrically written story of eighty years of Jamaican life should be widely read. A sensitive and intelligent account of the problems of our own colored citizens can be found in Bucklin Moon's latest book, "Without Magnolias." Even Kay Boyle's new novel, "His Human Majesty," is filled with racial animosities. The background of her story has moved from France to wartime America, where the young men of many defeated countries were trained in the Colorado Rockies for the invasion of Europe.*

"Kay Boyle's symbols of crusading manhood are embarrassing."

Foreign Legion in Colorado

HIS HUMAN MAJESTY. By Kay Boyle. New York: Whittlesey House. 1949. 295 pp. $3.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

IN writing about a book by Kay Boyle, who is one of the shrewdest stylists in the language and something of a mystic no matter what material she makes momentary use of, one has to consider several things simultaneously, such as: what she is presenting and what she is suggesting, what she is saying and what music she is making, and how she is doing all of this inside an arbitrary plot-circle. The best thing she does is to transform the mundane detail and wring some spiritual essence from it; quite literally she can make (at her best) silk purses out of sows' ears, and you watch her writing as you would some marvelously deft machine performing this miracle, holding some scene or some person still while she outlines in space the nature of its, or his, meaning. And even when the miracle doesn't come off—as it does not in this novel—even when the gears turn and the music soars, yet nothing is revealed but the fine hands of the operator, still the process is an exciting thing to behold. Miss Boyle can so compel us with symbols that we are lulled almost into accepting them as the stuff of life. It is only, in this case, the very harsh and contemporary character of the tale she has chosen to tell that dispels her charms and reveals, this time, their impotence.

Actually her story is about a ski troop practising maneuvers in the Colorado mountains in the winter of 1944. They are a band of war emigrés drawn from every people that has at this date been vanquished by the Nazis: Austrians, Poles, Jews, Norwegians, Dutch, French, salted with a scattering of English, Irish, and Americans. They are a kind of Foreign Legion preparing for the eventual assault upon the Continent. The story details some of their heartbreaking routines of practice upon the mountains in the bitter cold, some of their actions and reactions in barracks and towns, some of their personal obsessions, and a few of the clashes among them. The wife of one, an ex-newspaperman, comes up to visit him, falls instantly in love with another, an idealistic Englishman, and perishes in an extraordinary attempt to help a German prisoner-of-war escape. That is one strand of plot. Another is a latent strain of anti-Semitism in the troop, which culminates in a grotesque act of violence, in which an American actually hangs a German Jew from the rafter. This is the stuff of her tale, and most of it, excepting perhaps the plainly contrived romance, is recognizable material out of our recent war experience.

But the telling is all. Miss Boyle's way is to pass these men through the varied prisms of her own austere and romantic vision, until they have lost the common form and sound and touch and smell of men, and emerge as a very special set of symbols. Read her tale with this in mind, and you will be haunted at once by the spectral figure looming over her precious Fennington, the English skier, gaunt, ascetic, athletic, anguished, worshipping his exalted dream of a Woman (while never uttering the name of Woman nor touching even the hem of a woman's skirt or the skin of her finger) and yielding his antiseptic passions up at last to an illicit love, brief and never having to be consummated, for the wife of his friend. It is Lancelot, the noblest warrior of them all, best skier and most honorable prude, honor rooted in dishonor still. Or the two young Americans, Henson and Raleigh, whom Miss Boyle insists upon calling "the children" because they are twenty, two pink-cheeked and pure-hearted young knights, Galahad and Gareth. (And yet she must certainly have seen the twenty-year-olds under arms, in one camp town or another. Where did she find these dreamy squires who brooded upon purity of purpose and the protection of fair virgins? "I came here," cries Henson, "to save one woman who believes in one man....") How they stand in haloed nobility beside that other American skier, whom Miss Boyle characterizes from the first in an apparent fit of temper, as "Don Juan Cooper, the California heel." Cooper is a heel because he speaks disrespectfully of women and even suggests that they are to be had.

Miss Boyle's symbols of crusading manhood are embarrassing because they are out of the legendry of another era, and have no reference at all to what she is writing about. What the members of a fighting ski troop might have to say about Fennington and Henson and Raleigh would probably not bear reprinting upon this page. And even the German Jew, Rudi Mendl, who stands there trembling and mute while the incredible Tennyhook proceeds carefully to hang him, has no meaning for us. Miss Boyle has distorted both of them beyond credibility and forced them outside the world of the living. They will serve, with Fennington and the others, to illustrate Miss Boyle's signal failure here: to bring her visionary art to terms with reality.

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Wrongs to People

WITHOUT MAGNOLIAS. By Bucklin Moon. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1949. 274 *pp.* $3.

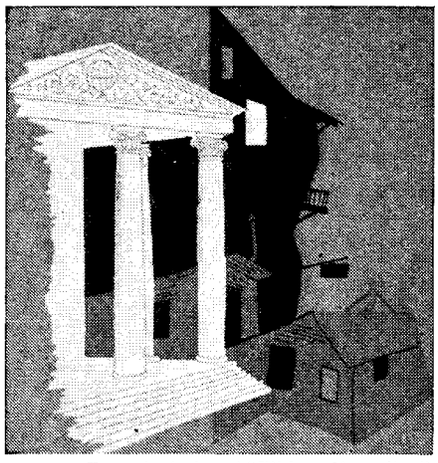
Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THIS, the fourth book by Bucklin Moon on racial problems, has won the author the coveted George Washington Carver Award. One hopes that this disturbing but temperate novel about Negroes in a white society who yearn to live like human beings will be as widely read as "Kingsblood Royal," that some book club is sending thousands of copies into homes in all sections of the country. Whereas Lewis's novel is concerned largely with a special case, "Without Magnolias" deals with all facets of Negro life and the whole panorama of the Negro world—the uneducated laborers and servants, the comfortable middle class, the intellectuals, both those who risk their necks to carry on their battle in the South, and those who flee to Harlem.

There is no principal character but a skilful presentation of everyday life in the Negro section of a small Florida college town. The president of the Negro college is a temporizer who wants to lift his people but whose spirit was long ago quenched; his wife is a ludicrous snob with tight social and color prejudices; his son returns from the war restless and cynical, contemptuous of his father's truckling. The brilliant professor of sociology fights courageously but shrewdly for legal and social justice in the very citadel of bigotry. The young people of all social and economic strata are less content than their elders to accept humiliating discrimination and unfairness as inevitable.

The story moves successfully on two levels. On one level complication and conflict arise when Negroes and whites are thrown together—in work, transportation, business, industry, etc. On the second level the Negroes live their lives and wrestle with their problems as human beings, no more conscious of their color than whites in Sweden. This dual movement is quite effective, for it leads the reader to regard unfairness and injustice as wrongs not to Negroes but to people.

Avoiding violence and sensationalism, Mr. Moon tries to write objectively and fairly. Among his characters are Negroes who are stupid, snobbish, patronizing, and ungracious; some boorishly reject sincere offers of friendship by sympathetic whites. Even a zoot-suited cretin swaggers across the pages. Moreover we are



—From the jacket of "Without Magnolias."

reminded that segregation is practised widely in the North, and in spite of law, not by it. (There are Indiana barbershops where Hjalmar Schacht could be served, but not Dr. Ralph Bunche; there are Indiana theatres where Marian Anderson could sit only in the balcony.) In spite of, perhaps because of, a Galsworthian striving for fairness, "Without Magnolias" is a damning indictment of America, particularly the South, for its perilously slow progress in solving its most distressing and perhaps most dangerous human problem in democracy.

One is glad to find so little downright violence in the novel—not because accounts of barbarism and torture are painful to read, but because restraint intensifies the power and thrust of the book. Although there are no magnolias, there is no strange fruit either; the fine, thrilling, dramatic scene near the close is achieved not by a lynching but by a letter written by a professor at the college and published in the local newspaper. When the atom bomb is dropped on Hiroshima, Eric, together with a number of white citizens, writes some comments at the invitation of the pseudo-liberal editor. Eric ends his remarks with

> As a Negro, but also as a loyal American, I cannot help but note that the bomb was first used against those whose skins were dark rather than against those whose skins were white. As a Negro, the facts seem to me to be clear that this was a case of evaluation of targets, conscious but unconscious, based on the fallacies of race which we fought so hard to overthrow in the Europe we so recently liberated.

Immediately the one "liberal" college trustee orders Eric's dismissal, and the pusillanimous president refuses to take a stand. But the novel, by a conventional measuring stick, has a fairly happy ending as the younger characters face their future with undefeated spirit.

Jamaica, 1865-1944

NEW DAY. By Victor S. Reid. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1949. 374 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

MR. REID is a young Jamaican Negro who is strongly, although not aggressively, conscious of his Island heritage, and his first novel, "New Day," covers an illuminating segment of Jamaican history from 1865 to 1944, the year that saw Jamaica granted a constitution guaranteeing what is tantamount to self-rule under Crown supervision. Mr. A. J. Liebling, who traveled through the West Indies not long ago and wrote of them in his characteristically entertaining fashion in a recent issue of *Holiday*, found the island of Jamaica not greatly to his liking: "There is no sense of nationality in Jamaica. The white two per cent of the population, which owns or manages about everything worth owning or managing, considers itself British. The Negro and mulatto mass has no distinct language or culture; no dance, no music, no literature, no intellectual tradition." He also considers the accent of the British West Indian "pedantic and resentful," and that I shall not attempt to dispute with him, since nothing could come of it beyond a quarrel of ears. Mr. Reid's novel, however, while it does not invalidate Mr. Liebling's general criticism, does, it seems to me, question his statement that there is no sense of nationality in Jamaica. The author of "New Day" clearly has it, and the Morant Bay Rebellion of 1865, which is the dramatic core of his story, and in which hundreds of rebels were shot or hanged by the red-coated soldiery of the notorious Governor Eyre, was brave, indigenous, and effective, and was fought by men who were proud to call themselves Jamaicamen.

Mr. Reid's story is told by John Campbell, who had been born in 1857, had been caught up in the Morant Bay action as a boy of eight, and now, on a day in November 1944, the day before The New Day, when Jamaica is to receive a new constitution guaranteeing her self-rule, nostalgically recasts the calendar of his years.

The Campbells were fair-skinned Negroes, and as such had an especial standing in the parish (the conventionalism of the eye). John's father, Pa John, was an upright, church-going, hymn-singing colonial, who was distressed at the wretched condition of the Jamaican peasants under British rule and offended by the luxurious living of the white government offi-

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cials. He felt, however, that the angry men of Stoney Gut who were demanding of the contemptuous Governor Eyre that a petition be sent to Her Majesty were destroying their cause by their anger. When young John's adored older brother, Davie, joined the rebels at Stoney Gut, Pa John would have none of him. But when Davie was captured and ordered to be publicly flogged, Pa John went down to Stoney Gut and signed his name to the rebel petition. The next day, before the courthouse, the rebellious Jamaicamen stood and called the Governor out of his chambers to hear their petition. They were answered by bullets from the redcoats' muzzle-loaders, and forty men from Stoney Gut and Morant Bay lay dead in the Square. Raising their battle cry of "Forty for forty," the Jamaicamen marched upon the Government houses and, by morning, there were forty of Queen Victoria's men accounted for, to match the forty dead men of Jamaica.

When Pa John fled with his family to the hills he could not believe that Englishmen would shoot down peaceful citizens. When he decided to go down to Morant Bay to reason with the Government he walked down from the hills with his wife and children, stepping proudly and securely, singing "Onward, Christian Soldiers." They shot him down, and little John Campbell fled into the jungle with Rebel Davie.

The rest of the novel recounts, in quieter, mounting levels, the growth and gradual prosperity of John Campbell; the establishment of a banana plantation on the island refuge where Davie and John and Davie's beautiful Haitian wife had fled from Morant Bay; Davie's death, and the tragedy of Lucille Campbell's later life. Finally, on the day the story begins, it records John Campbell's pride in Davie's grandson, Garth, who has come to be a leader of his people.

Mr. Reid has crowded a deal of history into a small space here, but he has done it skilfully, and the flashbacks have a smoothness and clarity which never disturb the continuity of his story. "New Day" is so simply and melodiously told that the reader tends to be diverted from its principal weakness, which is that of character. Lucille is at best a familiar stock character, an exotic beauty who follows a familiar pattern of romance and tragedy; Garth suffers from Mr. Reid's idealization and is little more than a bodiless hero. John's little sister, Naomi, comes briefly but memorably alive in the early part of the book, and is proof that Mr. Reid can create character best when he is not writing history. John Campbell is most real in the childhood scenes; in fact, none of the major characters seems to be able to survive the second half of the book, when the Jamaica people become blurred by the Jamaica story. Best of all is the clear, singing style, which the author handles with musicianship and assurance, and which does a great deal to compensate for Mr. Reid's earnest faults of authorship.

"New Day" is full of the sweet melange of Jamaican speech. It is unashamedly poetic, its imageries are fresh and lucid. It may take a little doing at first, as with any unfamiliar dialect, but the strangeness will go after the first few chapters, to be replaced by what was for me a genuine esthetic pleasure in the lyrical prose. The trick is to listen while you read.

Let me add that Joseph Low, who designed both "New Day" and its superb jacket, deserves a bottle of the finest Jamaica rum for the brilliant, sympathetic, and tasteful way he costumed this book.

First Love

OLIVIA. By Olivia. New York: William Sloane Asso. 1949. 135 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

"OLIVIA" is an anonymous novel that is so stamped with the hallmark of genuine personal revelation that it is difficult not to believe that the author is not what she professes to be in her book, an elderly Englishwoman looking back tenderly and compassionately into her tormented youth. It is a novel about a girl's admiration, then love, and finally her bewildering passion for a beautiful and talented woman, her schoolmistress. Written with candor, and yet with simplicity and restraint, its brevity becomes a virtue that reflects on the turgid prolixity of so many modern novels that tear passions to tatters and leave love dying of thirst. This account of what happened to Olivia during the year she spent at a school in France "is informed with a single motive, tends to a single end, moves quickly and undeviatingly to a final catastrophe." These are the author's own words at the beginning of the book, and if it is odd for a writer to analyze critically the merits of the story she is about to write, it has the advantage of affirming the note of veracity that continues to the end. A young woman could not have written this book, and surely, and perhaps mercifully, few older women have the gift of remembering and transcribing the purity and exaltation of their first experience with unassuaged love.

Olivia, the daughter of a distinguished father, was brought up in the midst of a large, solidly comfortable family trained in all the reticences of Victorian middle-class life. In her first school, savagely British and uncompromisingly religious, Olivia was set apart from the rest by her family's reputation for atheism. Her innocence when she went to the luxurious and charming school near Paris was that of ignorance, and innocently she was plunged into a drama of jealousy and passion which could only end in disaster. Two remarkable women were the headmistresses, and they were in love with each other. Mlle. Cara had become a neurotic invalid through jealousy; Mlle. Julie was beautiful, brilliant, and wise, a magnet for the adoration and admiration of teen-age girls. She filled Olivia's empty heart with the first apprehension of love, and careful and tender as she was she could not help responding to it and enlarging its boundaries. It is remarkable that the author is able to recreate the beauty and the magic of the voice of this woman as the girl first looked up at her when she was reading aloud the sonorous lines of Racine's "Andromaque." "What strange relationship exists between the reader and his listener," she writes. "What an extraordinary breaking down of barriers. The listener is suddenly given the freedom of a city at whose gates he would never have dreamt of knocking."

Olivia became the favorite of this extraordinary woman and through her guidance in learning, in art, in the salons and theatres of Paris, the veil

(*Continued on page* 26)

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Reporter-at-Large.

In what lies the magic of that urbane and witty weekly The New Yorker? *Scores of critics have attempted to reduce it to a formula, but thus far it has escaped definitions. Yet* The New Yorker's *editors and writers have facilitated the critics' task by giving their fugitive work—their cartoons, profiles, short stories, and casual pieces—the relative permanence of book publication. A season seldom passes without the appearance of half a dozen such titles. The books reviewed below—E. J. Kahn's "Who, Me?" and Philip Hamburger's "The Oblong Blur"—are collections of biographical sketches and random essays. Our reviewers suggest that Hamburger's subtle wit has survived the transfer to hard covers beautifully, but Kahn's work might look more impressive on the book shelves if it had been refurbished.*

Yesterday—and the Day Before

WHO, ME? By E. J. Kahn, Jr. New York: Harper & Bros. 1949. 238 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HORACE SUTTON

E. J. KAHN, JR., who writes for a magazine called *The New Yorker*, has compiled a number of pieces which originally appeared in that publication, placed them between hard covers, and is now hawking them under the aforementioned title of "Who, Me?." Composing books of pieces which appeared originally in *The New Yorker* seems to be an occupational disease which preys particularly on the editorial staff of that magazine. The contagion perhaps derives from the opinion rampant in the land that *New Yorker* prose (and poetry) is not only deserving but deathless.

Mr. Kahn is a writer of exceptional talent, but he has reached far down in the barrel and come up with some mighty stale cookies. In "A Goat Among Sheep," a tale about how he crashed a Newport debut, which originally appeared in print August 27, 1938, the continual topical references seem as out of place today as a short skirt on a receptionist at Condé Nast. The fact that nobody did the Big Apple at the 1938 party seems hardly news today and mention of a late collection of discords known as "Flat Foot Floogie" only stirred some pretty ugly memories within me. Glenn Miller, who appears in "Beat N.Y.U., and Beat Fordham, Too," unfortunately, was killed in the war. William McChesney Martin of "Ask the Man Who Owns a Beneficial One," printed in 1941, hasn't been head of the New York Stock Exchange since before the war. Carol Landis, mentioned in "Word from Mr. Billingsley" (March 6, 1943), is a suicide, and the Mrs. Paley mentioned in "At Home with the Paleys" (1939) is not the present Mrs. Paley. Some of Mr. Kahn's recent pieces which appear here are reflections on incidents that took place during the early war years. About the only thing that Jack Kahn had done recently, so far as I can see, is break his leg skiing, an incident which appeared in a memorable piece printed last March.

I don't mean to insinuate, of course, that Mr. Kahn is not a very funny fellow. He neither jabs nor jolts you with the high-voltage vocabulary and the jiu-jitsu sentence structure of S. J. Perelman. Rather, he lulls you with a pleasant smile. If you are one of the multitude who has accepted the idea that *The New Yorker* is put out by a troupe of unidentified gnomes, the footnotes that follow each piece offer a rather interesting insight to the magazine's operation. It was interesting to me to learn that aside from his four-year tenure with the Army, Mr. Kahn has had no other employer save Eustace Tilley. I was likewise interested to hear that the author, who admittedly doesn't know the difference between love and a lob, was, for a time, *The New Yorker*'s tennis reporter. He also wrote the nightclub column for a spell, did a number of profiles, and was the author of that magnificent wartime series called The Army Life. A book of those pieces was last seen on the Sixth Avenue racks, marked down to nineteen cents. As far as I'm concerned it's much the better buy, even at double the price.

Hamburger Heaven

THE OBLONG BLUR AND OTHER ODYSSEYS. By Philip Hamburger. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 1949. 304 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HOLLIS ALPERT

WE happen to have a Mr. Stanley who isn't related to *The New Yorker*'s man of the same name, but it just so happened that when Philip Hamburger's book of reportorial writings came into the office we decided to have *our* Mr. Stanley look it over and tell us what he thought of it. We received the following memo from him, written at his usual place of work and contemplation, the San Remo bar in Greenwich Village:

"Glad to get book, thanks a lot. Very cute dust jacket. Opened book at once and noticed all but two of the collection were written for *New Yorker*. Took swallow of beer and began to read piece about Mayor O'Dwyer. Made the mayor seem like a nice guy. Then went on to one about Gabriel Heatter, a profile. Whew! Wouldn't want to be Heatter. Ordered another beer and fellow called Jake sat down in my booth. Ordered beer for Jake, too, and kept on reading. Very clever profile on Norman Corwin. Written like one of Corwin's radio dramas. Interpolated prose and verse, use of narrator, characters called 'Common Man, Great Globe It-

Epiphany

By Anne Young

SPRING came but slowly, a cold and sorry vigil,
Then all was hallowed suddenly, pale green,
And cherub clouds floated upon the hill,
Light like a voice evangel, hushed, serene,
Informed that hour of epiphany,
Momentous opening: door, window, frond and shell
Locked grave and bosom gaoled no life within—
Silence informed the earth of miracle.

Listening, did you hear the whispering dust
Make melody, ashes sighing for joy within the urn,
"He is risen indeed." Came revelation softly
As a child lifts violets from parted fern.

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self, Apartment House, Historian, etc. Also, 'Chorus of One Hundred Little Guys from Everywhere in the World.' Laughed out loud, and Jake wanted to know what I was laughing at. Read verse passage to him and Jake laughed too. Wouldn't want to be Corwin either. This man Hamburger a master of the malicious quote, when he wants to use it. Understand this piece caused quite a commotion around town, mingled rage and glee, depending on how you felt about Corwin. Kind of gentle with Mary Margaret McBride, and treated Trygve Lie handsomely. Suspect Philip Hamburger has well-tempered social conscience.

"Jake wanted to know where book came from. Told him, and Jake said he wished someone would send *him* a book. (Note: Can you do anything about this?) Went on reading. Hilarious report called 'The All-American Breakfast.' About Mr. and Mrs. breakfast teams on radio, also breakfast clubs like Don McNeill's. Laughed very hard when I got to part about Don McNeill's breakfast in Madison Square Garden before audience of 17,000. Had to read this part to Jake, who wasn't so sure it was funny. Jake thought Mr. Hamburger was making shrewd, satiric comment on our present-day mass culture. Jake could be right, at that. Ordered him another beer. One for myself, too.

"Came across a profile on Louis Schwartz, a waiter in the Sixth Ave-

(*Continued on page* 41)

Personal History. *The 1920's are today in the minds of many men and women: the middle-aged remember them affectionately as the years of their carefree youth; the young, who knew only the grimness of the Great Depression and the frights of World War II, regret that they missed their delicious nonsense. In this fact lies the peculiar charm of Gene Fowler's carefully-researched, breezily-written, anecdote-packed biography of New York's Mayor Walker, "Beau James," which is reviewed below. . . . But a remoter era continues to enthral the imagination of thousands of literate Americans, as is attested by the continuing demand for books about Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War. Below we publish a notice of Helen Nicolay's "Lincoln's Secretary," the life-story of her father, John G. Nicolay, the Liberator's close associate.*

New York's Royal Legend

BEAU JAMES: The Life and Times of Jimmy Walker. By Gene Fowler. New York: The Viking Press. 1949. 389 *pp.* $4.

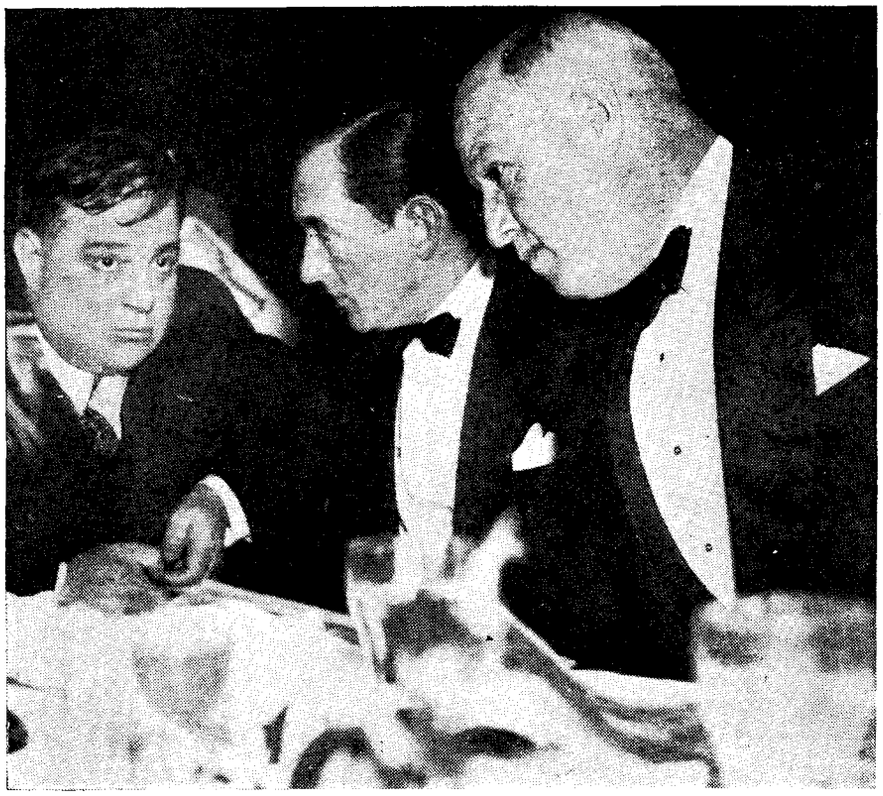
Reviewed by LUCIUS BEEBE

IT is improbable, in the opinion of this reviewer, that Gene Fowler will ever top his two semi-autobiographic tales of roistering newspaper days in Denver, "Timberline" and "Salute to Yesterday." The venerable and valiant Captain Trolley in the latter of these is by now practically an American immortal. But of Fowler's more formal biographies, "Beau James: The Life and Times of Jimmy Walker" seems immeasurably the most distinguished essay in human portraiture. This is said with all deference to the excitements of "The Great Mouthpiece" and the gaudy wonderments of "Father Goose." There are those who believe that Fowler's most urgent bit for fame lies in "Good Night, Sweet Prince," but "Beau James" has qualities of characterization, background atmosphere, and research which are not available in comparable abundance in any of these. "Beau James" is, in a word, a very elegant piece of reading.

It may be taken for granted that any Fowler book will have style. This one has style in generous measure. Its structure is episodic, contrived with flashbacks, close-ups, and other literary devisings derived from the technique of the films. The accustomed Fowler similes are present on a heroic scale. The waterfront "smelled like a convention of all the wet spaniels in the world." Apple vendors on the New York sidewalks "were like half-remembered sins sitting upon the conscience of the town." The wind in a ship's rigging sounded like "a flute solo played by a repentant murderer in a prison orchestra."

But there is a great deal more here than style. There is substance and character, and its cumulative whole is a court portrait of New York's most royal legend, full length and executed in blazing colors.

The first time the reviewer encountered James J. Walker was in the tufted whipcord tonneau of his black Dusenberg town car with a liveried servant on the box and silver carriage lamps on the sides. The last time he saw him was a few weeks before his death, at the bar in Bleeck's Artists and Writers Restaurant in



Fiorello La Guardia, James J. Walker, and James A. Farley—"a flaming, unabashed, and lifelong love affair."

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Fortieth Street. The period between these occasions was more than a dozen years, but for all the lapse of time and passage of history there was scarcely a discernible trace of change in his appearance; none at all in his quick wit or infallible charm. There are those who knew him who felt that Jimmy Walker found what Ponce de Leon missed.

To Fowler, Walker was many things in turn: politician, playboy, lover, and, in the end, a sort of mystic, but more than any of these, he was a New Yorker. Between the Mayor and his city there was a flaming, unabashed, and lifelong love affair. As one of Walker's less permanent lady companions once put it: "You're in love with a town. It's the first time I've ever had to compete with that. And I'm overmatched." And the town returned this emotional embrace with no reservation whatsoever. Had he chosen to campaign for reelection after the Seabury investigation, the poll conducted by the *Daily News* indicates that he would have been overwhelmingly returned to office.

"Good Night, Sweet Prince" was characterized by several qualities which detracted from its grand design. It was burdened with excessive detail which contributed little to the Barrymore portrait and it was permeated with a sort of tension as though its author were straining for justification both of himself and his subject. It became, at times, more of a defense than a biography.

Neither of these, happily, is present to any appreciable degree in "Beau James." There is a vast resource of detail, to be sure, but all of it, verbatim conversations, the record of the Mayor's clothes, the circumstances of his every meeting with Betty Compton, are pertinent. The Mayor was a gifted conversationalist, his attire was legendary, and his great love affair has never before been chronicled as it is here.

Fowler's affection for his subject is obvious. It only mirrors in articulate form the affection in which Walker was held, quite literally, by millions. There never was and never will be any doubt in the collective New York mind that Walker was a victim of political circumstance who was badgered into exile by the personal vindictiveness of a single agent acting in complicity with political forces not yet wholly explained. Fowler has stood on the record where it is available; has inquired diligently where it was lacking. He has never, in this book, ventured into theory or speculation.

Throughout his public life and afterward as a private citizen Walker never had but one enemy of consequence, and who now, save a handful of jurists and newspaper reporters, remembers the name of Judge Samuel Seabury? But the memory of Jimmy Walker is still green, for New York loved him in September, and afterward, as it did in May. And Walker and New York between them have provided for Gene Fowler a bright noontide hour for his own particular genius.

Lucius Beebe, a member of the staff of the New York Herald Tribune, *for some years conducted a syndicated column, "This New York."*

Abe's Amanuensis

LINCOLN'S SECRETARY: A Biography of John G. Nicolay. By Helen Nicolay. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1949. 363 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by DAVID DONALD

JOHN GEORGE NICOLAY has been one of the neglected figures in the Lincoln story. Not witty like John Hay, nor rampant like Ward Hill Lamon, nor humanly appealing like William H. Herndon, Nicolay has seldom been given his rightful credit as an important Lincoln associate and biographer. In "Lincoln's Secretary" Helen Nicolay rights the balance by presenting a warmly written, sympathetic life of her father.

Born in Germany, Nicolay was brought to America in 1837, at the age of five. Virtually self-educated, he was at one time or another inventor, musician, lawyer, poet, printer, and editor. In this last capacity, as the unqualifiedly Republican publisher of the Pittsfield, Illinois, *Free Press*, Nicolay became acquainted with Abraham Lincoln. The young German hoped to become Lincoln's campaign biographer in 1860 but learned that another editor with literary aspirations, William Dean Howells, had the inside track. "Never mind," the disappointed Nicolay was told. "You are to be private secretary."

Through the war years Nicolay served the President faithfully, operating so quietly in his "close, methodical, silent German way" as to be indispensable and at the same time almost invisible. Living in the White House itself—"a small and dilapidated old shanty," he thought it—the private secretary closely observed the swarms of people who had to pass his desk before reaching the President. Fortunately, he did more than observe; he wrote his fiancee back in Illinois about his daily work. These letters, now published for the first time, form the most valuable and interesting part of Miss Nicolay's biography.

Writing in fragments of time between his official duties or late at night, Nicolay presented no orderly picture of Civil War Washington, yet sooner or later nearly everybody came

—*E. P. Korn.*

John G. Nicolay—"There were many hazards in Washington."

under his scrutiny: pompous Senators, generals inflated with self-importance, harried Cabinet members, scheming politicos, crackpots of assorted sizes. There were many hazards in Washington, Nicolay reported. There were disconcerting visitors, such as the man who calmly announced he had been "commissioned from On High" to end the war. There was the Washington weather. And there was Mrs. Lincoln, who, in one of her tantrums, could make a secretary "appreciate the awful sublimities of Nature." Only a deep admiration for the "Tycoon," as he and Hay irreverently called Lincoln behind his back, kept Nicolay at his thankless post.

Nicolay had postponed but not abandoned his project of writing a Lincoln biography. Not until 1872, however, when he was made marshal of the Supreme Court, could he join Hay in the tedious research and voluminous writing for their ten-volume "Abraham Lincoln: A History." Robert Todd Lincoln gave them exclusive permission to use his father's papers (the recently opened Robert Todd Lincoln Collection, now in the Library of Congress), and they had to work under his watchful eye. Miss Nicolay believes that Robert Todd Lincoln's censorship of the biographers is usually exaggerated, and indeed it would seem that such supervision was hardly necessary. Ardently Republican and enthusias-

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tically pro-Lincoln, Nicolay denied that the work was partisan; to believe Lincoln right was no more prejudiced than "to use the multiplication table, revere the Decalogue, or obey the Constitution." With all its faults, the Nicolay-Hay "Lincoln" still remains, as Paul Angle has said, "unexcelled in comprehensiveness."

As one would expect, Miss Nicolay's biography is sympathetic rather than critical, yet it correctly emphasizes her father's dual significance as Lincoln's secretary-biographer. That it does not do more is, perhaps, the fault of the subject rather than that of the author. Nicolay's letters are valuable and important, but all too frequently when crucial events were happening in Washington, he was inspecting Indian tribes in Colorado or Minnesota. And, even when in the White House itself, Nicolay could sometimes be irritatingly uncommunicative. "The battle," he rather sententiously wrote his fiancee, "should be one of swords, not words." But with the material at her disposal Miss Nicolay has constructed an affectionate and deserved tribute.

David Donald, author of "Lincoln's Herndon," teaches history at Columbia University.

Detroit Dossier

OF ME I SING, by Malcolm W. Bingay. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50. There are twelve pictures of Mr. Bingay in this book, and six more on the face of the jacket, but do not be misled by this, or even by the title. Actually Mr. Bingay is here mainly concerned not with himself, but with other people. His memoirs are a panorama of the Detroit newspaper world of half a century, from the era of the chalk-plate to the wireless transmission of photography. He has seen Detroit grow from a border municipality whose city council outlawed the automobile to become the motor capital of the world. His book is packed with personalities—villains and saints, freaks and straight men—and the stories he tells about them are abundant and good. Take E. G. Pipp, who became city editor of the *News* without an ounce of training. He conducted nightly "classes" for reporters, to teach them the newspaper business. "Of course," he explained, "I do not know anything about it either, but we will learn together as we go along." Mr. Bingay knows a lot about the newspaper business, and you learn (and laugh) as you go along. "Of Me I Sing" is a lively and authentic addendum to the saga of American journalism. —JOHN T. WINTERICH.

ROSS J. S. HOFFMAN and Paul Levack have proved themselves admirable editors in "Burke's Politics" (Knopf, $4.75), a selection from Edmund Burke's writings and speeches, which exhibits his views on the American and French revolutions, Catholic disabilities, the pretensions of the crown under George III, commercial imperialism in India, parliamentary and economic reforms, the mercantile system, and the eternal Irish question. Judicious selections have been furnished with a useful general introduction, and with individual prefaces which explain the originating circumstances of each speech and paper. The editors defend Burke against accusations of inconsistency and facile expediency; and I think most thoughtful readers will find that this defense is justified, that Burke's compound of conservatism and liberalism—mixed in different proportions on different occasions—resulted from his wise recognition of the fact that principles which are utterly inflexible in all cases are bound to prove impotent and self-stultifying. But he was a man of principle, whose political thought and action rested on a firm religious base. His enduring concern was "the conservation of the civil order"; his abiding maxim, "Consult and follow your experience." He looked on political power as a public trust, and on civil liberties "as an *entailed inheritance* derived to us from our forefathers, and to be transmitted to our posterity." Neither "moral nihilists," blind reformers, nor believers in man's essential goodness and perfectibility will be able to read Burke comfortably without some adjustment of their attitudes; and his respect for circumstances is certain to annoy pure theorists. But, surely, no one could read him without profit.

While Burke was observing the French Revolution from across the channel, Thomas Jefferson was in the midst of its beginnings and intimate with many of its first leaders. His record of this upheaval, written from a point of view different than Burke's, is one of the interesting and valuable items in "Basic Writings of Thomas Jefferson" (Halcyon House, $2.95), edited by Philip S. Foner. This a storehouse of Jefferson's public papers and private letters, from which both Republicans and Democrats may draw happily, while others read for wisdom. The core of Jefferson's political thinking is his statement of principles in his First Inaugural Address.

Some fourteen years after another revolution, E. E. Cummings went to Russia, and recorded his observations in a journal called "Eimi," now issued in a new edition—to the greater glory of Cummings, and, I hope, to the delight of many new readers—by Sloane Associates ($5). In Greek Mr. Cummings's title means "I am," and in Russia he *was*—his own, unreconstructed, individualistic self. The experiences of Comrade Kem-min-kz in the paradise of the workers' republic, pickled in his unique prose, are at once a rip-roaring intellectual farce and a true revelation. The comrade is a ruthless observer and a deadly wit who can make language jump through hoops. He was not long in discovering that a painter friend was right when he warned him "that to open the prizepackage of Marxism was to find a joyless experiment in force and fear."

Still another revolution—England's present, peaceful one—was spearheaded by the Fabians, who now, in Shaw's words, cram the Labor Government. The fundamentals of Fabianism may be found in "Fabian Essays in Socialism," first published sixty years ago, and now issued in a Jubilee Edition (Macmillan, $3.50), which includes a postscript by Shaw: "Sixty Years of Fabianism." This postscript is perhaps even more interesting than the original essays, for it reveals the old master's present state of confusion, in which he still thinks of himself as a Socialist, while advocating government by a dictatorship of an elite five per cent of the proletariat.

Revolution in Texas is one of the outstanding events in the life story of Sam Houston, surely one of the most extraordinary characters that this or any other country has ever produced, told by Marquis James in his well-documented, fascinating, swift-moving biography "The Raven" (Halcyon House, $1.98), which is herewith heartily recommended. . . . And one of the philosophical conceptions underlying revolutionary theory may be studied in "Social Contract" (Oxford $1.75), which contains famous arguments by Locke, Rousseau, and Hume, with an excellent introduction by Sir Ernest Barker.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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"Tell the Folks Back Home"

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Last January Dr. Harlow Shapley, head of the Harvard Observatory, wrote to the editor of* The Saturday Review, *telling him of plans to hold a Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace, and inviting him to participate. In his reply to Dr. Shapley, chairman of the conference,* SRL's *editor declined the invitation, saying that he didn't believe the auspices under which the conference would be held would offer any assurance that the meetings would serve a useful or constructive purpose. He pointed to the record of many of the prime movers behind the conference as evidence that the conference would be used as a sounding board for blasting American policy and for vindicating Soviet policy. He added that the critical need today was for an approach to peace based not on national advantage or disadvantage but on the principles which made peace possible.*

As the plans for the conference progressed, it became clear from the advance lists of the participants and from the program that the conference would actually retard the chances for peace by intensifying the feeling between the two countries and by obscuring the real issues on which world peace depended. So far as could be determined in advance, there was no place on the program for the approach to peace through United Nations Organization given the powers of government.

In view of this, SRL's *editor believed he had made a mistake in passing up the opportunity to address the conference. He wrote Dr. Shapley, asking whether the invitation was still open. In making this request,* SRL's *editor had the encouragement of the State Department, which told him it was hopeful that the delegates from foreign countries would be given an "adequate and vigorous presentation of the democratic point of view."*

Dr. Shapley re-issued the invitation, which was accepted. Mr. Cousins spoke at the opening dinner meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Following the meeting, Mr. Cousins sent a wire to Dr. Shapley, thanking him for his fairness and courtesy, for, though Dr. Shapley had seen an advance copy of the speech, he made no attempt to curtail it in any way. Moreover, Dr. Shapley's introductory remarks were entirely generous. The talk was interrupted perhaps a dozen times by hissing and booing, but, on the whole, the audience seemed courteous and restrained.

In publishing the text of Mr. Cousins's speech herewith, we realize that much of it, in spirit and content, is familiar to readers of this page.

* * *

WHAT I have to say is addressed primarily to the representatives of other nations.

The announced purpose of this conference is peace. My purpose in coming here is peace. But before I tell you why I believe we disagree as to what peace really means or how it is to be achieved, I should like to talk to you about your visit to the United States.

I am certain that there are many things that have happened since your arrival that are disturbing and bewildering. You had heard of America's reputation for an open heart and an open hand in greeting its visitors. And yet, from the moment you landed on our shores, you have been in an atmosphere of tension, hostility, and, as we have seen outside, near-violence.

Why? You are entitled to an honest answer.

It is not because Americans are inherently distrustful or unfriendly. I say to you in all sincerity that this hostility is the inevitable reaction to the auspices under which this conference is being held.

I ask you to believe that the American people, in demonstrating and in speaking out against this conference, are not speaking out against the idea of peace or the need of peace or the possibility of peace.

They are speaking out against a small political group in this country which has failed to live up to the rules of the game in a democracy.

The radicalism or lack of it of this group has nothing to do with the American feeling against it. For America has radicalism in its very bloodstream. It was created in revolution. No, radicalism is not the issue. I ask you to believe that in the eyes and minds of most Americans, this small political group of which I speak owes its primary allegiance and duty not to America but to an outside government. I ask you to believe that this group is without standing and without honor in its own country.

I ask you to believe that under other circumstances your visit here would have proved to you the truth of Woodrow Wilson's remark that men of all creeds and nations can find here a "wide and cordial welcome and congenial associations." For America, as Wilson said, "has the blood of all the world in her veins—all the old affections and old and sacred traditions of peoples everywhere."

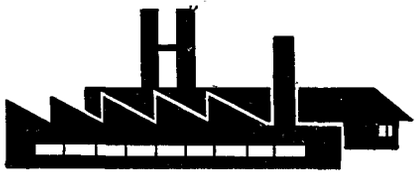
No man can claim for himself the right to speak for his countrymen; and yet I believe I may reflect, in part at least, a point of view which is shared by many of my fellow Americans. I am sure you will want to report that point of view to your governments and your peoples.

Americans want peace. They will work for peace and they will sacrifice for peace. But they do not want peace at any price. If the price of peace is injustice, they will reject peace. If the price of peace is the loss or distortion of values they cherish, they will reject peace. If the price of peace is spiritual denial, they will reject peace. If the price of peace is living on an island surrounded by angry waters, they will reject peace. If the price of peace is retreat from the rights of man, they will reject peace.

This is not a prophecy. This is historical fact.

This is not to say that Americans lack realization of what the next war will mean. They know of the vast and throbbing new forces of science that will be at the command of organized death in the next war. They know that there can be no victory in the next war except victory over life itself.

Americans know, too, that the world today is sliding towards war, and that the swelling tensions have produced a crisis momentum in which almost any incident could trigger an explosion quite outside the calculations of the nations involved. They know, by observing the unraveling in the fabric of world peace in the past two years, that there will be no fabric left if that unraveling continues at the



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same rate during the next two years.

This awareness of crisis, and, also, the awareness that peace without values can be anesthic, as Whitehead has warned, have bolstered the determination of Americans to work for peace with justice in the world.

Americans believe this can best be done—indeed, that it can only be done—by a supreme effort behind the United Nations, giving it the form and substance of world law.

For the time has come for all peoples everywhere to produce a volcanic eruption of public opinion behind the cause of a United Nations with power to enact, enforce, and interpret world law. The time has come for all nations—and when I say all, I mean *all*—to recognize a higher law.

There is no other way to peace. There is no other way to justice.

In structural terms, this means that in those matters directly affecting the common security of the world's peoples, the United Nations would have compulsory jurisdiction. Compulsory jurisdiction, to be effective, must be backed by preponderant force.

There is no point in blinking the fact. This could not be accomplished without the abolition of the veto. But the abolition of the veto of itself is not enough. It must be backed by the machinery of justice and due process of law.

Deprived of the veto, a nation on the minority side of an issue would have recourse, if recourse were needed, to the only truly effective court of appeals in the world—the conscience of mankind. There is no other source—there can be no other source—of ultimate justice for nations. And that conscience of mankind must be built into the very structure of a strengthened UN.

When you return to your peoples, tell them of the growing support in America for world law. Tell them of the increasing number of American states whose legislatures have passed resolutions in favor of a revision conference of the United Nations for the purpose of saving it and bolstering it. Tell them about the citizens of Connecticut and Massachusetts who voted on election day by twelve to one and nine to one in favor of giving the UN the adequate powers to insure security for all nations and to keep the peace.

When you go home, tell your nations that the American people will go as far as any other people in the direction of building the UN as the means of putting an end to the combustible tensions that are spreading over the globe today.

Tell the folks back home that it is not true that the American Government wants war, but that, until a strong UN is established, it will stand firm against any threats to the peace.

Tell the folks back home that it is a lie to say that any single group dominates the thought or action of the American people—not excluding Wall Street or the American Communist Party.

Tell the folks back home that Americans are anti-Communist but not anti-humanitarian, and that being anti-Communist does not mean that they are pro-war.

Tell them that, while Americans respect the rights of other peoples to their own forms of government, they are apprehensive about the danger to the world of government by coercion, especially when the coercion comes from without.

And when you tell the folks at home about democracy in America, give your definition some sense of the stretch and vastness and resonance of the term as Americans see it. Tell them that it is a means to an end and an end in itself; that it gives Americans the right to use it or abuse it; to exalt it or destroy it. That it is as much or as little as Americans want to make of it; as much or as little as they want to make of themselves. Say that it can mean fulfillment or it can mean failure; that it is challenge, a process of reconciliation; that it is adjustment and change.

Say that Americans see it as a chance to see what they can do with themselves, that it is the expression of their faith in themselves.

Say that democracy, in a confined political sense, is majority rule and the preservation of minority rights; but that it reaches out beyond that to a unique blend of negative and positive values. That it is the absence of tyranny, the absence of every arbitrary invasion of the rights of man. That it is a series of magnificent restraints. Point out that the words "no" or "not" are among the most conspicuous in the United States Constitution, and especially in the Bill of Rights. Emphasize that these restraints are directed primarily against government itself.

Say that democracy is an enduring principle—something that liberals can believe in even when conservatives are in power, and that conservatives can believe in when liberals are in power. Say that it means there is enough room in America both for those who believe that President Truman is the greatest living American, and for those who believe that ex-President Hoover is the greatest living American, or for those who believe that neither is the greatest living American.

Say that democracy to Americans means the sacred right to make mistakes and the even greater right to try to correct them.

Say that democracy in America comes under the heading of unfinished business and that no one viewing it from the outside should make the mistake of assuming, because there are imperfections and injustices, that democracy does not exist or that it is enfeebled.

Say that the American people are aware of what remains to be done, and that they believe the answer to an imperfect democracy is not authoritarianism but more democracy.

Say that democracy must mean intellectual freedom, that it must protect the individual against the right of the state to draw political and cultural blueprints for its painters and writers and composers, or to castigate them, or to enter into those matters of the mind in which the individual is sovereign.

Say, finally, that Americans recognize that great ideological differences separate peoples of the world today, but that they are not forgetting for a single moment that peoples are more important than nations, and that what is at stake today is nothing less than the common destiny of man. For we live at a time when the human race has exhausted its margin for error.

Say that America would like to hold out its hand to the peoples of the world by proposing world peace

Atomic Age Fables

JS

VI. Excerpts from the Modern Leonardo

AFTER many years, the modern Leonardo hatched the egg of a dinosaur by allowing a swan to sit on it. He then began to transplant the brains of animals. These are the entries in his notebook.

"The brains of a toad and a butterfly were exchanged and the toad flew and the butterfly croaked."

"The brains of a leech and a buck were exchanged and the leech browsed upon leaves and the buck sucked blood."

"The brains of a man and a gnat were exchanged and the gnat made war on all other gnats and the man made a friend." —J. S.

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through world law, and that it is doing this not despite the differences that rend the world but, indeed, because of them. For those differences define the problem. The important thing is to keep the frictions growing out of those differences from catching on fire.

Remind your nations and peoples—again in the words of Woodrow Wilson—that the eyes of America are lifted to the great distances of history, and ahead to "the lifting of civilization to new levels and new achievements." —N. C.

The Best-Seller Controversy

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In order to give it equal prominence with "Bogus Best Sellers"* (SRL *Mar. 26), we published on this page last week a letter from* The New York Times *in answer to Roland Gelatt's controversial article. This week the* EDITORIAL *page includes a gracious letter from Irita Van Doren of the* New York Herald Tribune. *Following it are more comments from leading members of the publishing industry. Further reaction to the much-discussed "Bogus Best Sellers" will be found in the* LETTERS TO THE EDITOR *pages in succeeding issues.*

SIR: You have courteously invited our comment on your recent editorial "Bogus Best Sellers."

Discussion of best-seller lists seems to us legitimate and highly desirable for any part of the book publishing world. From our angle, the critical, reviewing angle, we welcome it. We could wish, however, that you had avoided some of the misinterpretations of fact and some of the overemphases that appear in your article, particularly as the points involved could have been so easily checked by a little direct inquiry at our office. These points are too numerous even for comment here. But two of them, which specifically concern us, we'd like to clarify.

Our chart makes no claim to being a *quantitative* analysis of best sellers. It is called "What America Is Reading," and it is just that—a news report from booksellers each week on the books people are buying and reading in various parts of the United States.

The second point we'd like to make clear concerns your statement that to be represented on the *Herald Tribune* chart a "dealer must sell 100 subscriptions to the *Herald Tribune* Book Review." Our chart is based on reports from booksellers cooperating in the *Herald Tribune* Book Store Plan. This plan, an agreement between most of the leading book stores in the United States and ourselves, permits the customers of the stores to subscribe to the Book Review at a special rate. The Review is sent to the customer each week in a wrapper bearing the imprint of the store—an excellent and inexpensive form of promotion for the store, and for us, an assured national audience of tested book-buying people geographically well distributed throughout the country, over and above the regular circulation of the Sunday paper. No bookstore can be on our plan that does not have a minimum of 100 customers who subscribe to the Book Review. The wrapping, stenciling, and bookkeeping involved would hardly be worth while for a smaller number.

There is your figure. Your item is factually correct; your way of stating it implies something quite different from the case.

We are well aware of the weaknesses in any method yet devised for charting the country's reading habits. But they are the weaknesses of the book industry as a whole, and, in fifteen years of experience, we have not found them either so numerous or so widespread as you claim. If, however, you can suggest any feasible corrective, we should be delighted to cooperate in any way possible to help put it into effect. From our long and friendly association with the book trade we feel sure that it, too, would welcome such a suggestion. But we do not believe that the Audit Bureau of Best Sellers which you propose is the answer. The trade has considered a number of variations of that idea and has found every one of them impractical—too costly and not suited to the circumstances of the business.

IRITA VAN DOREN,
Literary Editor,
New York Herald Tribune.

* * *

SIR: Your recent editorial should stimulate a healthy reopening of the old sore subject of best-seller lists. The editorial raises two separate questions: first, whether best-seller lists on balance do more harm than good and, second, if there are best-seller lists, how they should be controlled in order to give a fair and honest picture. Both questions merit full discussion and cannot be disposed of in a few words.

If there are to be lists, I suppose all responsible people in the book trade would subscribe to the theory that they should be honest. If reporting booksellers wish to eliminate some titles from consideration, such as books of more than a certain age, there is no reason why the qualification should not be stated. If the present methods of getting information are as questionable as you allege, some better means of insuring accuracy ought to be possible. Magazines periodically make sworn statements as to their circulation. *Variety* every week publishes precise figures on volume of business in the fields it covers. Similarly, accurate statistics should be possible for the book business if the trade or the public wants them. It might, however, be difficult without a great deal of work and expense to get these figures promptly enough to serve the purpose of a current list.

HAROLD K. GUINZBURG,
President,
The Viking Press, Inc.

* * *

SIR: I think *SRL*'s "Bogus Best Sellers" hullabaloo is fruitful, rich in both wisdom and prejudice. I am tempted to think that the choice is between many readers for possibly mediocre books and fewer readers for books of much more narrow appeal. On the other hand, if "The Seven Storey Mountain" can achieve what it has achieved without benefit of top best-seller rating, and if "The Naked and the Dead" can achieve what it has achieved while being rated top for many weeks, perhaps none of us have too much to complain of.

Despite these doubts, it is surely not to be denied that not many people would go to watch the ponies if nobody ever saw which horse won. So let us throw no curtain over the finish line, even though the judges be fallible.

LOVELL THOMPSON,
Manager of Trade Dept.,
Houghton Mifflin Co.

* * *

SIR: *SRL* performed a service in presenting its analysis of best-seller lists. Certainly an effort should be made to assure more accuracy, and certified sales figures from the publishers would help in this respect. However, I would not be at all in favor of going to any considerable expense in setting up an elaborate statistical system in connection with the lists, for the very simple reason that the money can be better spent by publishers in promoting their books, whether they happen or not to be among the best sellers. The best-seller lists are undoubtedly of general interest to the public, but their importance should not be exaggerated as a basis for selecting a book for purchase.

CASS CANFIELD,
Chairman of the Board,
Harper & Bros.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Inspired by Satan?

SIR: From your book review of "Ceremony of Innocence" [*SRL* Feb. 12] I gathered that the most contemptible thing about the book is the obvious comparison made between an adulteress and her illegitimate child to Our Lady and her Child, the Son of God. The light manner in which sins of the flesh are treated is not only sacrilegious and immoral, but quite nauseating to those who hold a Christian code of morality. I regret that the author of this review did not look into the true beauty of the Incarnation and Nativity of Our Lord before proclaiming this to be a book worthy of being placed in the American home.

It is not the person who feels only repulsion for such vulgar literature who is to be pitied, but the person who gains amusement from writings that could be inspired by no one but Satan himself. I think it is only those who indulge in such cheap pleasures in desire if not in action, who could enjoy it. This is indeed a "damned . . . book," to be read only by those who, someday, may be damned with it.

This is merely the opinion of a reader to whom you "extend a true Christian pity."

MARJORIE SIKES.

Opelousas, La.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Miss Sikes and other readers who have taken issue with John Woodburn's review will be interested in an exchange of correspondence* [SRL *Mar. 12] wherein Mr. Woodburn tries to allay any fears that he has leagued with Satan. For the record we should also like to note that critical opinion is strongly in agreement with Mr. Woodburn.*

Narrow-minded Axes

SIR: Anent page 11 of *SRL* Mar. 12: ". . . as narrow-minded . . . as the blade of a pioneer axe":

If axes really have small brains
Now shrill the rump-fed ronyons,
Oh, pilot's thumbs! Aroints! Murrains!
I wish I had Paul Bunyan's!

GEORGE NILSEN.

Van Hornesville, N. Y.

A Soft Pencil Turneth Away Wrath

SIR: Instead of making changes in the *SRL* to meet the wishes of the Double Crostic-ers, why not send the malcontents a soft pencil and a nickel's worth of art gum? I find these are entirely satisfactory.

RAY F. CARTER.

Oakland, Calif.

Paeans of Pusillaninity

SIR: I think our new "lost generation" of writers and their sycophants ["America's Young Novelists," *SRL* Feb. 12] should get themselves permanently lost. Their weak-kneed prattle after the First World War disgusted me, and now again some of our most promising young writers are making an art of the projection of futility. The poor darlings can't find anything to believe in. What is the matter with them? The eternal verities are still with us. Spiritual values remain—unchanged and unchangeable. Have truth, justice, beauty, honest worship of God disappeared from the face of the earth? They would have us think so. Just as we hear about the divorces and not the happy marriages, so do these writers ignore the fact that hundreds of thousands of us, most of us, are going quietly about the business of living positively—with hope instead of fear, with the will to struggle toward the good, the decent, the humane.

It is no accident that the books of Lloyd C. Douglas (whatever their literary merit) quickly pass up all the bright boys on the best-seller lists. He doesn't write paeans of pusillanimity. Lost generation indeed! What generation has ever been easy for the people who lived in it? It is true that those who preceded us may have been able to invest a few hundred dollars in a small business, practise habits of thrift and industry, and look forward to a secure old age. But what was old age? In Revolutionary times forty-four was the average span of life. Did the fact that they knew some of their children would inevitably be carried off in dreadful diphtheria, typhus, and small-pox epidemics stop them from having children? No, they just increased the size of their families. They took everything life flung at them, grew strong in the taking, and ended up believing more firmly than ever. I am sure some of our modern cry-babies would have caused them to form new and intriguing combinations of some of our best Anglo-Saxon four-letter words.

And if, in spite of the best efforts of the best human beings among us, we are going to destroy ourselves with the atom bomb, then for the sake of what we might have been, let us go out courageously—with bands playing and flags flying, trying hard until the very last minute. I do not fancy myself stretched out in abject collapse before the futility of it all—with a lily on my breast and several "modern" volumes to see me through.

HELEN DAVIS SZOLD.

Highland Park, Ill.

"But there's an even newer theory out, dear—you're *supposed* to hit them!"

"Wishful Banning"

SIR: "There are many things that ought to be," says John Mason Brown [*SRL* Mar. 12], "even if they are not." Shall we then proceed to act as if they were?

Freedom of speech is a noble thing, and ought to be used nobly—not to cry "Fire!" in a crowded auditorium, not to libel or slander one's neighbor, not to foment hatred or war. When all men have accepted these self-restrictions, we shall need no "censorship." Yet now the law forbids the first two, and may some day forbid the third. Of course, we do not believe that "safety and esteem can be guaranteed by the placing of a ban or the action of a censor." But it might be a first step. Safety on the streets is not *guaranteed* by the presence of the traffic officer or the signal lights, but they help. Should you wish to dispense with them, merely because some accidents happen anyway?

. . . How easy to sit comfortable and safe among the secure majority and advise the Jews and the Negroes not to be "touchy," not to be "humorless." When a Negro Phi Beta Kappa is denied a job as stenographer by an office manager whose ideas on Negro intelligence, honesty, and efficiency have all been formed by the comics, the movies, and the radio, should this college graduate go home and enjoy a good laugh at "Amos 'n' Andy"?

FANCILLE H. HLAVATY.

New Rochelle, N. Y.

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Seeing Things

HORROR WITH A PURPOSE

SHUDDERING before the horrors, terrible and true, of a Nazi death factory and concentration camp, as shown in the Polish film "The Last Stop,"* I could not help thinking back to a famous paragraph by Edmund Burke. Burke's conviction was that "we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others."

"Choose a day," wrote he, "on which to represent the most sublime and affecting tragedy we have; appoint the most favorite actors; spare no cost upon the scenes and decorations, unite the greatest efforts, of poetry, painting, and music; and when you have collected your audience, just at the moment when their minds are erect with expectation let it be reported that a State criminal of high rank is on the point of being executed in the adjoining square; in a moment the emptiness of the theatre would demonstrate the comparative weakness of the imitative arts and proclaim . . . the triumph of real sympathy."

The triumph of real sympathy? I not only doubt this; I dispute it. Instead, I suspect Burke's deserted auditorium would represent a victory for the lowest, the most morbid, curiosity. I question if most of the men and women who would rush to witness that hanging would do so because of compassion. Not being as large-souled as Burke, their motives would not be those which he, in the bigness of his spirit, ascribed to them. They would troop to the square, unable to help but eager to watch. Pain would fascinate them and be the source of their strange pleasure. Their flocking up the aisles would mean only that, if they had the choice to be spectators of real or simulated suffering, they would choose real suffering every time.

I mention real and simulated suffering because "The Last Stop" is compounded of both. Dealing as it does with the almost unendurable facts of a Hitler women's camp at Auschwitz (Oswiecim), it cannot avoid being a brutal and appalling film. To sit before it is neither pleasant nor easy. There are many moments when one turns away from the screen, unable to look at what is being done there. Death, after all, is its preoccupation, torture its concern, misery its scenario. If it outrages the sensibilities, it does so because it shows the known outrages of recent history. It is hard to say whether it is fiction presented as a documentary, or a document presented as fiction. But this much seems unanswerable. It is this sense of historic truth which excuses and justifies the picture's horrors.

What attracts one to such a movie, and enables one to endure its brutalities, is not idle or sadistic curiosity. Nor is it only the "real sympathy" mentioned by Burke. It is sympathy plus indignation that man's inhumanity to man could ever have sunk to such brutish depths. It is also sheer amazement at the strength of man's will to live and the indignities and tortures he can survive before dying. For the stuffs of "The Last Stop," mind you, are the real thing. They are the shaming actualities of four years back, restated in terms of the "imitative arts," yet presented for the most part as if they had been photographed by a newsreel cameraman before Hitler's fall.

Auschwitz was a capital of doom, an inferno even more fearful than Buchenwald and Dachau. Behind its barbed-wire fences and in its crematoriums some 4,500,000 men, women, and children were put to death. It is in the slush of its muddy grounds and the filth of its overcrowded barracks that Wanda Jakubowska has made her film. Her players include some of the survivors of the actual camp who re-enact the terrible scenes of humiliation and agony they somehow managed to live through.

In sequence after sequence the thick smoke of burning bodies hangs heavy in the air. It is the smoke of a factory, a death factory, working overtime. Long trains of cattle cars feed this factory, disgorging crowds of frightened and condemned people —old people, young people, children, women separated from their men, daughters from their mothers. We see these people when their possessions are being snatched from them. We follow them when they are being marched off to the gas chambers and to death. We watch, if watch we can, feeble or pregnant women falling to the ground and being kicked, beaten, or shot by the sadists who are their guards. We are shown a new-born baby as a Nazi doctor kills him by injecting poison into his veins. We are asked to look at a whole contingent of little children

—*From "The Last Stop."*

Concentration camp at Oswiecim . . . Ilsa Koch's sentence was lightened.

**The LAST STOP, a Polish film, written by Gerda Schneider and Wanda Jakubowska. Directed and produced by Miss Jakubowska. Distributed in the United States by the Times Film Corporation. With a cast including Tatjana Gorecka, Antonina Gorecka, Hugette Faget, Wanda Bartowna, Marie Winogradowa, Barbara Drapinska, Barbara Fijewska, A. Slaska, Barbara Rachwalska, H. Drohocka, etc. At the World.*

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"Broadway's Newest Sweetheart!" —WINCHELL
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents
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when, on arriving at the camp, they are forced to abandon their dolls. We feel the pain of the sick, the hunger of the well, and share the terror of all. At one unbearable moment the camera travels slowly to show us mound after mound of discarded personal effects, clothes, jewels, artificial legs, teeth, and toys. No dialogue could be more moving, no playwriting more bruising, than this mute sequence.

The story built around these devastating incidents ends up by being a crude melodrama. Ultimately it tells an over-tall tale of the gallant Russian underground at work. Although these plotful interludes at the conclusion come as an anticlimax, they cannot seriously subtract from the fearsome power of what has preceded them. The real story of "The Last Stop" is beyond a scenarist's creation. It is Auschwitz itself; in other words, it is one of the darkest of history's disgraces. Accordingly, it is of a magnitude and kind which make one forget that such performers as Tatjana Gorecka, Wanda Bartowna, and Hugette Faget are acting capably. Make-believe, though present, plays an incredibly small part.

Some may question the need for a film which is such a chamber of horrors. Some may prefer to avoid it, sparing themselves the pains it records and gives. Some may wish in troubled times to find escape in pictures which have no relation to known reality. But, sickening and wounding as "The Last Stop" is, to me it seems to be both healthy and needed.

On my way home from this Polish movie, I happened to buy a copy of the *Journal-American*. Spread across the front page was a picture of a traffic accident. The covered but bleeding body of a dead woman was shown in the foreground; in the background, her heartbroken husband could be seen talking to a friend who was trying to console him. On the seventeenth page of the same paper was a terrible photograph of a seven-year-old boy who had choked to death when a penny balloon had lodged in his throat. His

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. White. 2. Lewis. 3. Burgess. 4. Buck. 5. Smith. 6. Eliot. 7. Hughes. 8. Allen. 9. Roberts. 10. Disney. 11. Rice. 12. Paul. 13. Shaw. 14. Miller. 15. Green. 16. Fisher. 17. Nathan. 18. Chamberlain. 19. Lawrence. 20. Stern. 21. Adams. 22. Woolf. 23. Pearson. 24. Stevens. 25. Fischer. 26. Caldwell. 27. Jackson. 28. Davis. 29. Frank. 30. Williams. 31. Wilson. 32. Thompson. 33. Herbert. 34. Anthony. 35. Brown.

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"grieving father" (as the caption put it), a man whose face was distorted with anguish, was holding his son's body in his arms. On page nineteen was a picture of two policemen carrying a dying man from a shop he had attempted to hold up.

Such photographs as these are common enough in certain kinds of papers and magazines. They spare no one, the dead, the bereaved, or the reader. Their one purpose is to sell papers. This they do by catering frankly, unashamedly, horribly, to that "degree of delight" which Burke knew men take "in the real misfortunes and pains of others."

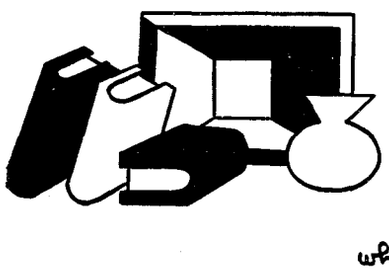
"The Last Stop" is quite different. It does not intrude upon private grief unrelated to any public concern. Its horrors are not pointless. They have a definite purpose. This is to remind us of what all too many people nowadays would like to pretend never was. The need for a film so inescapably brutal is perhaps best illustrated by the lightened sentences of Ilsa Koch and others of her kind. These sentences would never have been lightened if men did not show a lamentable talent for forgetfulness. I can think of no better cure for such amnesia than "The Last Stop." —JOHN MASON BROWN.

FICTION

(*Continued from page* 15)

that had shrouded in mystery the adult world was rent. The girl began to live, vitally and ecstatically. Then, the reader is left to imagine that the woman, the conscious seducer, is as helpless as the girl herself, and is thus forced to withdraw through love of her. The deeper relationship for which Olivia yearns, for she is now engulfed in the torrent of first love, is never permitted. There can be only one end, disaster, by some passionate act. Its climax is a suicide, or perhaps a murder, the destruction of the school, and Olivia's return to London and to living memories that cannot be extinguished.

The love of one woman for another is not now a forbidden subject, for it has been illuminated by several fine books and at least one popular play in the past. No reader, young or old, need hesitate to fall a victim to the charm and intensity of "Olivia," as it is essentially the story of a woman who compassionately attempts to shield another from the results of an inflammable emotion to which she herself has set the torch. Human nature is the villain of the drama and not lust or depravity. This is about pure love drawn innocently to the wrong source. The author refers to these memoirs of her youth as an oblation to the gods. "May they grant me," she adds, "not to have profaned a rare and beautiful memory." The reader will believe that she has not done so.



Fiction Notes

EVERGREEN. By Edward Holstius. Doubleday & Co. $3. "Animal magnetism," "It," "S.A.," or whatever term is currently employed to designate the age-old physical urge, is the force behind Mr. Holstius's novel. That a liar, a brute, adventurer, amateur dabbler in the arts, shady manipulator, and repeatedly unfaithful husband can always come home to a receiving wife is a questionable thesis. Nor is it ever made plain. The charm of this male animal, though constantly stressed, evades us. Rather than melting surrender, a mounting irritation grips us. Set in town and country England between world wars, adorned with standard types even to the loyal, always loving friend of the family ready to offer security, this saga of a beautiful, hopelessly silly girl remains immature. Shifting, vacillating, inanely unsure, the child seems here to stay.

TO THE SWIFT, by Anne Hawkins. Harper. $2.75. Miss Hawkins renders a service to a somewhat neglected phase of American history in her stirring salute to the Pony Express. Documented with care, told dramatically, and paced with calculated speed, her novel succeeds in re-creating the thrill of the Western relay in 1860.

Sierra Dave delivers the mail despite snow, sleet, night's gloom, or Indian attack. His sister supplies love interest to the distant outpost, while the threat of civil war divides the politically-minded citizens and the maintenance of the Express becomes increasingly necessary to the cause of the Union. Finally supplanted by the telegraph, the gallant grapevine ceases. Messengers in the great tradition served it well. Ballad material, crackling, colorful, and tough.

BRADFORD MASTERS, by Sherman Baker. Dutton. $2.75. Curly-haired, frivolous, freedom-loving Brad Masters is a postwar product. Mr. Baker insists this is post-World War II. The aura of the Twenties persists, however, and the touch of a road-company Fitzgerald is over all. Third-generation heir to a decaying Wisconsin dynasty, this heavy-handed ne'er-do-well sings, hunts, and fishes while his broken father goes further into debt and his addlepated mother marries, first an opera singer, later an adolescent Indian.

For Brad there was Pris, wife for a short time, then lusty Gwen with her bottle of bourbon as handy as her charms, and finally Jean, who took him on as husband, allowing him to pay for her unwanted pregnancy by another.

Well, anyway, we leave Jean resigned over the dishes while Brad takes to the woods. But he'll be back with his day's yield. Enough rope is all this sportsman needs.

RETURN TO VIENNA, by Ernst Lothar. Doubleday. $3. War's wake apparently leaves only dead Austrians guiltless. Those Pavillon-fed, Plaza-bedded, Bergdorf-upholstered Viennese may look safe, but they're sorry in their hearts. Just as sorry as their compatriots who chose collaboration politically, morally, and physically as the price of staying at home. Peace can only induce a transoceanic shuttle of loyalties. The homesick return, toss new citizenship aside for old, discard recent emotional entanglements for former loves, find decay, illness, corruption as rife as murder, suicide, and hopeless ideological confusion, and long, too late, to stand and be counted. Who is to point the finger, who accuse?

Ernst Lothar sees both sides squarely, if repetitiously and at too great length. Vienna is heartbroken, New York beckoningly alive, but the old city subtly ensnares. The long-term recovery must be the only answer to broken bodies, to erring spirits, to lost grace.

IF YOU LIVED HERE, by Edward Harris Heth. Harper. $2.75. "You are entering the busy city of Temple, pop. 1,208. If you lived here, you'd be home now." So Mr. Heth presents us with the key to this Midwestern town, and so we get the feel of the place, meet its citizens past and present, and

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pronounce it universally appealing. It is Lizzie Temple's fiftieth anniversary as school teacher. The people are celebrating. For Lizzie has been their guide, their children's children's philosopher and friend. No wonder, either. Remembering with Lizzie, conquering her one temptation of the flesh, yielding with her to the charms of a young boy student, seeing through her eyes the foibles, follies, the good and evil, the yearnings, the mistakes, and the despair of her fellow man makes up a sum total of compassionate wisdom. Lizzie, having renounced life for the blackboard, believes in love.

With taste, high good humor, and perception Mr. Heth makes his community a glowing, vital spot.

SPRING IS NOT GENTLE, by Ronald Kirkbride. Doubleday. $3. One of the most reliable traits of the Quakers is their convinced consistency. In peace as in war, in competitive or in individual pursuits, in business, love, or so-called pleasure, they remain undeviating. For an outsider to try to buck this cult, especially when the emotions are involved, would always be difficult, sometimes disastrous. Mr. Kirkbride settles for the latter, more gloomy outcome.

In the first-person, reminiscent narrative form he makes his point in the story of David Jordan. Along with his widowed mother, his brother, and happily married sister, David faces the depression years with his recent, Northern, Episcopalian bride in an ungainly manor house on the arid South lands. The family's religion steers the course. A cooperative barter farm is established on an ideal yet thoroughly workmanlike basis. Trouble ensues through local big business and through David's irredeemably worldly wife. The dream crashes and, on the eve of Pearl Harbor, the marriage dissolves. The "Friend" will stand pat.

Mr. Kirkbride has a sincerity and a sympathy that make us hope, with patience, we may yet achieve international, accepted non-violence. But let there be in living just a smitch of softness for the confirmed sybarite.

—CATHERINE MEREDITH BROWN.

DOC DILLAHAY, by John S. Powers. Macmillan. $3. Don't let the title mislead you—this is an old-fashioned Western. The fact that the two leading characters are both doctors is unimportant. The setting is Arizona (Yucca City—Tecolote Canyon). The time—the Eighties. Young Doc Dillahay (also known as Sure Shot Dillahay) is a school teacher when he meets hard-boiled, hard-drinking Doc Ledinger. For some reason, after watching Doc Ledinger set his broth-

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FARRAR, STRAUS

er's leg he decides also to become a doctor. This means an apprenticeship under Doc Ledinger, medical school for two years in Chicago, and a return to Yucca City with a consequent partnership between the two doctors. The story itself moves at a fast pace—has plenty of excitement and all the finishing touches. These include a dramatic operation on a dying gunman performed in Doc Ledinger's office, a difficult delivery on a Mexican prostitute, a case in which the older doctor arrives too drunk to work and young John rises to the occasion saving the day, etc., etc. There are innumerable fights with guns, fists, knives. On every other page some "hombre" shoots from the hip, slowly shuts the air off in his enemy's windpipe, fells his opponent. The only thing missing to make a classic Western is Indians. —STEPHANIE BENÉT.

AND THEN YOU CAME, by Ann Bridge. Macmillan. $3.50. Nora Congreve is an archeologically-inclined young woman who, in pursuit of practical research on vitrified forts, comes to visit her Aunt Fanny in Scotland and dig around in the neighborhood. Aided and abetted in this passionate disturbance of the past by her inspiring Professor Porlock, whom she has brought with her, and all the local cousins and friends she can muster, Nora succeeds in bringing back to their legendary environs Deirdre, Queen of Sorrows in Irish lore, her lover, his two brothers, and, finally, a somewhat sinister character who turns out to be the all-powerful Merlin. What happens when Deirdre's magnificence charms all who behold her, attracts the oldest son of a wealthy household (on whom, incidentally, Nora has designs), and brings tragedy down upon several houses, is a fantastic tale. Unsuspected by anyone except Nora's professor, these giants of legend decked out in modern guise manage to mess things up nobly. I can attribute Miss Bridge's dealings with them only to a fascination for the strange and lovely tale in which they figure and, possibly, for vitrified forts.

There is something markedly inadequate about the way this thing has been carried out, something which suggests that once the author had gathered her material and got hold of her idea she did not quite know what to do with them. At any rate, the story leaves the reader essentially untouched. And technical efficiency in reporting on the supernatural fails, in this case, as a substitute for whatever that wonderful combination is which makes for eerie but unquestioned effectiveness.

—NANCY GROBERG CHAIKIN.

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finds an even more unexpected champion in *The Literary Guide*, a London review whose sympathies are all with atheism: "the surprising resources of his scholarship are used with telling effect. He is sensitive, tender, discriminating and out of his deep study knows how to say just that word that makes all the difference to one's understanding. . . . Rationalists who do not share his faith nor his hope may with reason share his fear."

If you would like to know what the book is actually about, Illtud Evans tells you in *Time and Tide:* "Mr. Dawson's lectures are an extended investigation of the vast processes of social culture in the light of the religious principle that gives them unity and meaning. Religion is the key to history and the fragmentation that has resulted from the specialized studies of comparative religion and social anthropology has long needed the corrective interpretation of an historian possessing Mr. Dawson's special gifts. For in him a comprehensive yet exact scholarship is allied to rare responsibility of judgment. He traces the predominant cultural patterns of every stage of human history. The types of prophet, priest and king are examined and the cultural order they reflect is discussed. . . . It is only at the close of this immense survey in which the complex evidence of remote societies and ancient dynasties is marshalled with a grace and authority alike remarkable, that Mr. Dawson turns to the application of his thesis to our own generation."

The book contains the Gifford Lectures for 1947, and should not be confused more than can be helped with an earlier Dawson book, now out of print, *Enquiries into Religion and Culture.* We did our best to get Mr. Dawson to accept a different title for this one, but it was no use. He has the tiresome scholarly idea that a book-title's whole duty is to tell you what the book is about, and if two books are on similar subjects, naturally they will have similar titles. . . . All the reviews quoted here are English, you will have noticed, no reviews of the American edition, favorable or otherwise have had time to appear yet. We have a dozen or two leaflets on Dawson and his work: if you would like one we shall be glad to send it.

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LATIN AMERICA

(Continued from page 9)

fication and elimination of whole regions of consciousness and value. The result is that, even by our measure of physical and mental ease, of "safety first" and the pleasure principle, our culture has failed and is doomed. It has produced euphoria, egocentric delusions, insincerity, impotence, schizophrenia. But, ironically, there is involved in our mean culture a great treasure: the technics needed to socialize man's freedom and create tomorrow's human culture. This gives it prestige and immense invasive powers, particularly in regions like America Hispana.

With no political technics of their own, except the dictatorial ones of monarchic Spain and the Church, the Latin Americans imitated our political machine to fashion their republics. Of course, the borrowing did not succeed: how could it, under entirely different and far more complex telluric, ethnic, economic conditions?

Yet the century of trial and error was not lost. It has suffused and secularized the ideal of social justice. It has revealed the inadequacies of political democracy without economic bases. It has slowly matured groups of men and women: intellectuals, artists, teachers, labor leaders, who are at work with the peasants, with the universities, with the workers, with the best minds of Europe, and—across the frontiers from Mexico to Chile—with one another.

Like a guild of sculptors making a face emerge from the stone side of a mountain, these men and women are creating the self-consciousness of America Hispana: the awareness of common values, the mastery of technics to achieve them. But, until the work is more advanced, there are fumblings, backslidings, revulsions. The process is long. The suffering peoples grow impatient. And old habits are still stronger than new methods. Hence the present troubled picture: the spate of army counter-revolutions, the rear-guard successes of retreating conservatism and reaction, the romantic appeal among intellectuals of alien imports such as Russian Communism, which is little understood except in that part of it that is valid: its will of social justice, its mystic faith in the people, and its distrust of all feudal and capitalist interests even when they come "bearing gifts."

The exciting fact is that in this cauldron of Latin American life, no ethnic and no cultural element of its past is negligible, *and none has died.* The danger is that periods of transi-

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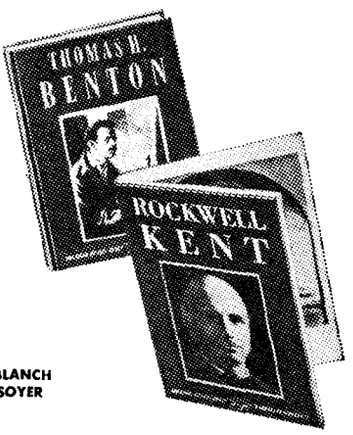

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The Darker the Night

by HERBERT BREAN

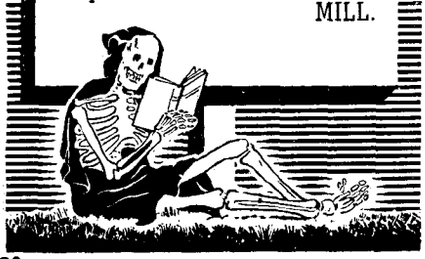
Superb successor to "Wilders Walk Away," generally called 1948's best first mystery. The hero: the same Reynold Frame. The problem: Did Douglas Ballantyne jump from his hotel window — or was he pushed? Investigating, Frame finds himself out on a limb . . . and ledge.

Some Like 'em Shot

by FRED MALINA

It wasn't just another murder—it was dynamite. The victim: a white-supremacy ex-senator. The accused: a Negro who wouldn't talk even if his life depended on it—and it did!

MILL.



tion and gestation can last too long. And it is this grim temper of necessity that explains the phenomena we have noted: the riots and the ivory-tower verse; the desperate remedies of Church or army. None of Latin America's elements has yet found its transfigured form for creating the new world in which Latin America will live. Despite radio and plane, communication is poor. And largely because of the sick state of Europe and USA, the balance of strong productive classes on which democratic stability depends, is still unrealized. The Indian of the cold mesetas reserves the powers that once created cultures deep as the Egyptian; but in many a bleak Andean valley he remains a stubborn resister. The Negro is now a citizen of the modern world whose science can conquer the tropics; but he still expresses his grace too exclusively in song and dance rather than in social collaboration. The son of Spain has preserved the live coal of the Hispanic genius: *the cosmic value of the person.* And in a world swiftly collectivizing, this is man's most urgent value. But this personalism, undisciplined, still too readily degenerates into loyalty to a *caudillo.* And to confound the chaos, the shoddy goods of the American machine, dumped into the undefended cities, disrupt and bear false counsel, since the new social organism is not ready to absorb them.

Yet all these phenomena, the ones most visible in our press, are superficial in the life of the Hispano-American peasant and worker, strong and dynamic and rich as their lands. If their republics are shrewd enough to stay out of the race of armaments and power (for an atomic war which of course would pulverize the brittle "modern" nations), they will assimilate and develop our science as creatively as ten centuries ago the peoples of Northern Europe assimilated and creatively developed the spiritual science of the Mediterranean peoples. They will come to an integral Socialism that preserves the personal genius all their past cultures—Hispanic, Indian, African—variously share. Already, in the new constitutions of countries like Uruguay, Mexico, Ecuador (and the Venezuela of Betancourt and Gallegos), the old clumsy versions of our political machine, concocted a century ago by intellectuals, have been replaced. And the basic Christian doctrine, which the Church for all its sins has preserved, insures that it shall be all the peoples, of all bloods and colors, who shall inherit the land. In brief, America Hispana's chances of entering the new world as a vital historic factor are pretty good —are indeed better than our own. For *we* must first break down the rigid body of our present culture of goods, of means and of no ends, before we are ready to begin; whereas *they* must merely integrate what they already possess within a matrix of eternal values they have never lost.

In this light the problems of the peoples of America Hispana are after all not alien to ours. And our attitude toward them becomes important to us. Upon it depends, in great measure, our understanding of ourselves. And upon it depends also their attitude as

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MADAME BALTIMORE *Helen Knowland* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Mysterious femme tosses murderous monkey-wrench into whirl of Washington life with results that call for expert attention of FBI.	Suspenseful yarn of blackmail and murder scened against knowledgeable background of giddy Capital social life—with dramatic surprise at finish.	High voltage
THE SHADOW AND THE BLOT *Nathan D. and Griselda G. Lobell* (Harper: $2.50)	Strange scene at rich New Yorker's funeral starts train of startling events in which young investigator from D.A.'s office figures spectacularly.	Excellent detecting, shrewd plotting, deep dissection of sundry neuroses (maybe too much), rich Manhattan backgrounds, rich and poor; and high suspense.	Good
NO QUESTIONS ASKED *Edna Sherry* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	N. Y. detective with fine record, admiring young asst., and young wife get into murderous fix that imperils career and happiness.	Tautly emotional tale, expertly scened and swiftly paced; with potent, plentifully violent psychological situation as crux of story.	Good marks

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they look northward—an attitude which will count, when they are strong, as they will be.

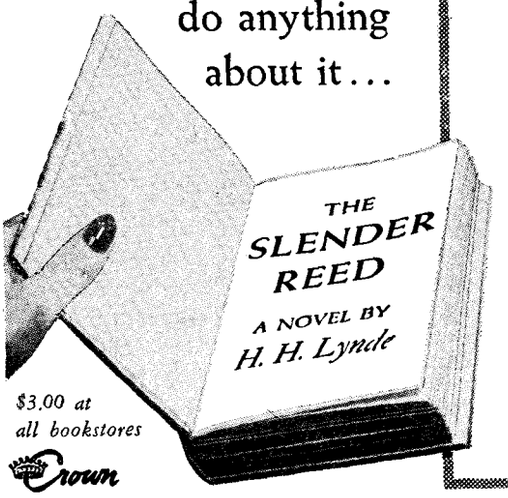
It would be unfair to deny the improvement in our diplomatic and cultural relations. Our embassies, for instance, from Mexico south, are now staffed by earnest, intelligent men who speak the language, appreciate the arts, like the people, and are liked in return. The Good Neighbor Policy may have its ups and downs; it has never been deeply implemented; and it is often rather crudely egocentric. But we shall never again be betrayed by the ministerial and consular low-brows of forty years ago, who thought of the Latins as "natives" and did not try very hard to keep their crude thoughts to themselves. Nevertheless, in this crisis of America Hispana which touches us so closely, the time for understanding has come. And in terms of *action*, there is precious little of it.

I have space for only three examples: (1) After the recent Bogotá frenzy, our Secretary of State publicly interpreted the profound upheaval as "made in Russia," thus losing the respect of intelligent men from Monterrey, Mexico, to Punta Arenas, Chile. (2) Peoples are capable of one hate and fear at a time. When we, *who are the hated and feared*, strengthen reactionary armies in Latin America by sending them equipment for "defense against Russia," we merely increase distrust; nor do we in the slightest decrease the armies' dislike for the USA—a dislike which Perón is cleverly exploiting. (3) Many of these countries are at the point where they need to mechanize their production of foods and goods. If, instead of tanks and bombers, we sent them farm and shop machinery, it would cost a fraction of what we spend shipping food to Europe. This machinery would produce food to keep down Latin American prices; would enable Latin America to do business with Europe, and incidentally would help keep down prices at home. Every literate man I know in America Hispana is quite sure that this sensible version of the Marshall Plan was vetoed for the exclusive profit of American magnates.

All of which adds up to a simple but difficult conclusion: that we had better begin to be intelligently cooperative with our potentially big American brothers.

Waldo Frank, novelist and writer on contemporary problems, has made frequent lecture trips to Argentina, Mexico, Bolivia, Chile, Brazil, Peru, Uruguay, and other Latin American countries. His most recent book is "Island in the Atlantic."

"I suppose many women go through an experience as disturbing as mine... But I was lonely and thought I couldn't do anything about it...



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—*Saturday Review of Literature

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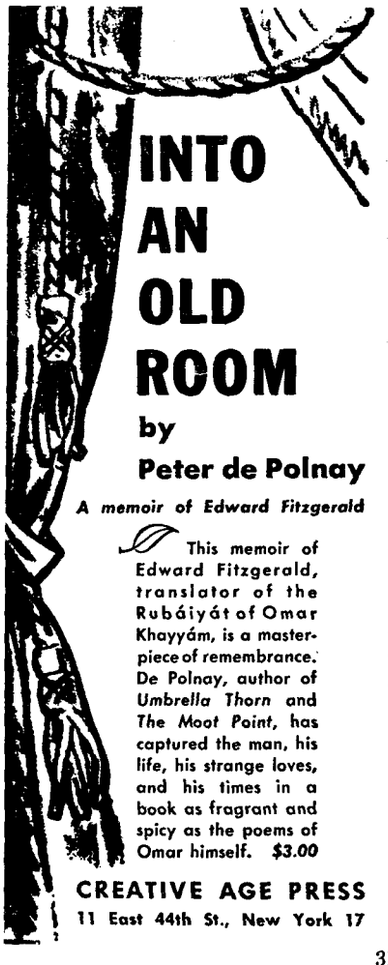

INTO AN OLD ROOM

by

Peter de Polnay

A memoir of Edward Fitzgerald

This memoir of Edward Fitzgerald, translator of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, is a masterpiece of remembrance. De Polnay, author of *Umbrella Thorn* and *The Moot Point*, has captured the man, his life, his strange loves, and his times in a book as fragrant and spicy as the poems of Omar himself. $3.00

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IDEAS ON FILM

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16 mm. Motion Picture

World of Witness

EVER since its first appearance nine months ago *SRL*'s IDEAS ON FILM has carried on its masthead the words "Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm. Motion Picture." The term "eyewitness" was no casual choice. It was meant to denote a quality of surpassing importance in a world where almost all experience is second-hand—where the breakfast-table argument and the office job are real, and everything else must filter in through the screens of movie, radio, and press.

Film had this quality of eyewitness long ago, then lost it, and today is starting out on a voyage of rediscovery. Fifty years ago, when the Lumière brothers were sending out their first cameramen to distant parts of the world, the instructions they gave were vividly clear. "Open your lenses on the world," they said, "surprise nature in the act." And in surprising nature the cameramen startled their audiences too. The story has been too often told of the cries of alarm which greeted the train that seemed to be rushing out from the screen into the theatre itself. People were carried away. They weren't simply *seeing* a spectacle. They had become a part of it. They were eyewitnesses.

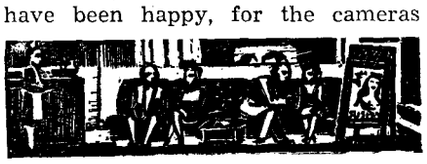
Of course the movies soon grew up. They began to appeal to more sophisticated audiences, with more jaded tastes. Their makers discovered that the camera could as easily become an instrument of illusion as a mirror of reality. With the aid of rapidly improving technical tools they were able to create a lustrous world of make-believe, to which color and sound track added the final perfection. The actors no longer wore the expressions of real life, but simply put on masks by which they signaled a change of role while retaining the unchanging characteristics that had made them into stars. At the same time directors discarded Griffith's rough-hewn cross-cutting and Chaplin's profound sense of irony and pathos. All this was too disturbing to an audience. What they wanted was "to get away from things." And this the movies were ready to give them. The Californian monotony was complete.

Now the wheel has taken another turn. The war jarred people out of a sense of unending routine. Its seismographic tremor was felt even in the centers of movie production. Naturally, Hollywood, remote from the battle lines, scarcely felt the shock. Its epicenter proved to be in a country which had been reluctantly driven into war and had seen itself smashed under the heel of contending armies. It was in Italy that the new style of film was born. We saw it first in "Open City," then in "Shoeshine," "Paisan," "To Live in Peace," and "Tragic Hunt."

These films were at heart films of eyewitness. They seemed to carry the spectator out of his seat and into the chaos of life. They looked at the world with irony, humor, and a bitter sense of human injustice tempered by a knowledge that things have often been thus before, and will be so again. To accomplish this effect the directors often abandoned their studios, preferring to shoot on location, in the places where things actually happen. If one character is jostling his way through a crowd (a real crowd, not a group of extras) trying to catch up with another, the audience does not know whether they will meet or miss. In the Hollywood film, the plot dictates the situation, and the audience is always ahead of the plot. But in the eyewitness film the plot emerges out of the situation. It is touch and go. Even the director does not know exactly what will happen.

Moreover, the characters are apt not to speak in dialogue smoothed to a fine polish by relays of well-paid phrase-turners. Their speech will be rough and abrupt, they may repeat words or stumble, as people do in real life. (And if all this sounds tough on the actors, is it not significant that Ingrid Bergman has left Hollywood for six months to make a film with Rossellini, who has a script of only a dozen pages in his pocket?) The camera work will probably have a drab, plain quality, as if the film had been exposed to actual wind and atmosphere, not delicately pampered in the artificial sunlight of the studios.

What emerges, however, is an experience—rough and brutal sometimes, but also tender and moving. Above all, real. The Lumières would have been happy, for the cameras have rediscovered how to surprise nature in the act. It is in this spirit that a few American cameras have already started to turn. Meyer Levin's "The Illegals" [*SRL* Aug. 21, 1948], the story of the immigration into Palestine before the new state was born, overcame almost hopeless technical imperfections by its burning sincerity. "The Quiet One" (*SRL* Dec. 11, 1948) is an even greater achievement. It speaks with confidence and a deep sincerity of people whom we have thoughtlessly banished from our care and conscience in the jungles of what is in fact Harlem, but might be the slums of any industrial city, inhabited by any race, white or colored.



BUT in all this, where is the significance of 16mm.? These are 35mm. films, appearing in the theatres. The significant fact, however, is that not a single one of them has been bought for distribution through a major circuit. Only "The Search," a moving account of life in Europe's DP camps, got off to a rousing start in New York because the critics praised it so highly; when it started its general release MGM dropped it like a hot potato. Wherever there are art and specialized theatres, the eyewitness film will reach at least a limited audience. Outside this narrow field, the resources of 16mm. must take over, if the distributors will but widen their release policy and make the films available on both gauges at once. Hollywood still pampers and spoon-feeds its moviegoers on the theory that their stomachs will stand only a milk-and-water diet. It may well be the 16mm. film which will give back to the movies that shock and impact which first jerked them into popular favor.

Nor need this wait upon the distribution of a few masterpieces such as those we have mentioned. In an article in this section Julien Bryan, well-known traveler and lecturer, tells something of how he has brought the sensation of eyewitness—the feeling of "I have been there"—to audiences up and down the country. For long the entertainment film has been an escape from life, the documentary film a dry cataloguing of the facts of life. Here is a third kind of film—the film of witness—which is no substitute for experience, but an actual transfer of experience from screen to audience.

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.

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16mm. *Julien Bryan, who wrote the article printed below, is a well-known explorer and lecturer with film, who was graduated from Princeton and Union Theological Seminary, then decided to make social work his career. As a result, his journeyings across the world have brought back much more than the usual traveler's tales; his primary interest has always been in how people work and live. Director since 1945 of the International Film Foundation, founded by a grant from the Davella Mills Foundation, Mr. Bryan still finds time for travel. Last year he returned from a long trip in Eastern Europe.*

Face to Face

A FEW months ago in Warsaw I was asked to show a documentary film before a group of twelve- and fourteen-year-old boys in the Central YMCA. It was a dramatic setting—a devastated city, a badly damaged building, and more than one hundred youngsters who had somehow survived the war.

These youngsters, living as they did behind the Iron Curtain, had some curious ideas about the United States, in spite of the fact that they were YMCA members.

I spoke briefly to them, and then showed them a twenty-minute documentary which I had made several years ago. It pictured an average day in an elementary school in Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

The boys sat transfixed throughout the picture. After the lights were turned on, there was a question period. I supposed they would be very curious about American games and about a school play which had been photographed as part of the film. But nothing of the sort. Out came the first question: "Mr. Bryan, in your pictures you showed boys and girls just like us. Is it really true that boys and girls in America are good children just like us?"

The discussion flowed on for a good half hour. It was in no way political. But a profound new idea had just penetrated the Iron Curtain and the minds and hearts of one hundred small Polish boys: the idea that children in America were like *them*—were good children and could be their friends. They had, in fact, been transported to America by means of films, and they had been eyewitnesses to what went on in an American school.

This was something that lectures and reading had been unable to do for them. They had read plenty of stories about the United States and had heard any number of lectures, but they had also heard plenty of criticism of the United States—criticism which had influenced them to the point where they honestly believed that almost all American boys were bad boys. In a few minutes a film had dramatically shattered a false belief.

Naturally, I am not suggesting that the mere showing of a film will always cause a "conversion" to the point of view it expresses but, even in the face of powerful prejudices, a film can raise questions in the mind of a spectator. For example, a few years ago in Russia, while I was working with an UNRRA mission, I showed another American film called "The County Agent," made several years ago for the State Department for their use abroad. A high Russian official was fascinated by the film, especially by its photography and music. But the thing that impressed him most was the portrayal of living conditions on American farms—the farms were large, and the farmers lived in comfortable houses, and every farmer owned his own car. This last idea particularly seemed to stump the Russian official. After the showing, he took me aside privately and said, "It's a good film, but those farmers' cars now . . . you *lent* them to the men just for the picture, didn't you?" It was too much for him to believe.

Obviously, the film could not change this man into a believer in democracy, any more than my words and arguments could have, but it did make a deep impression on him. In spite of himself and his Party-line training, he had become an eyewitness to the American scene. His party had told him how the American farmer had been exploited and oppressed, but this simple documentary film showed him without fanfare or propaganda a side of life in the United States of which he had never heard. His mind, I think, wanted to believe it. His Communist Party training made him doubt.

But if this high Communist official believed even a little of my film,

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imagine the eagerness with which such documentaries would be seized upon and believed by non-Communists in Eastern Europe.

FOR instance, some months ago I arranged to show several films on American education before a group of teachers and educators in Prague. It was a cold day and the building unheated. To my amazement, more than two hundred Czechs turned out, and all of them were deeply interested in the films. A lecture on American education at such a meeting would have been of some value, but, thanks to film, these Czech educators had paid a visit to a classroom in an American elementary school. For a moment they had been able to identify themselves closely with American teachers and their work. When the lights went on I could see that they had been emotionally stirred—not by any words of mine but by the things they had seen on film.

Months later I was again in Prague. President Benes had just died, and the country was in deep mourning. The Czech people seemed to know that this was a great turning point in their history. Tens of thousands of them stood for eight or ten hours in line, waiting for their turn to view the body of Benes—old men, soldiers, women, workmen, little children stood silently weeping. Whatever these people were, they were not Communists. Thousands of patriotic Czechs were clearly as sincere and devoted believers in democracy as any of us in America.

I was deeply moved as I watched this spectacle of widespread national grief for a man who was not only a beloved leader but a symbol of democracy to a freedom-loving people. I wanted other Americans to see this historic event as I saw it and felt it then, and so I took pictures of it—with a 16mm. camera.

A few weeks ago a group of wealthy and influential men met for dinner at the Waldorf. They called themselves the Circumnavigators' Club and were holding a formal banquet in honor of Juan Trippe. Toward the end of the evening I showed them the Benes pictures. They were deeply moved as they watched it, as I had been at the time of the event itself. For the moment, they, too, were there at Benes's funeral. They, too, were weeping with the Czechs. They, too, were seeing the death of a democracy. But the film had not only moved them. It had made these smart, able businessmen identify themselves with the Czech people. National, geographical, and social barriers were forgotten. They saw the Czechs as human beings like themselves.

The eyewitness and identification appeal of the 16mm. film makes it of tremendous importance as a tool in the promotion of international understanding, and, unlike the Hollywood or theatrical type of film shown in commercial theatres, it can be courageous and controversial. Hollywood still deliberately avoids most controversial issues. It has a long list of taboos. It is brave after an issue has long been decided or after it has become "safe." It never dared to touch Hitler and the Nazis until 1938, although 16mm. films were doing it without fear. Today 16mm. films can still take courageous stands on a hundred controversial subjects: religion, sex education, Russia, and displaced persons. These are subjects which Hollywood cannot or will not touch.

Through the use of this kind of film television can become alive and vital and exciting, *e.g.*, a forum type of program can become an hour in which twenty minutes are allotted to the showing of films that will furnish eyewitness material as a background for intelligent discussion. It will become more exciting than a mere radio broadcast of four voices debating an issue, and it will not be an unimaginative telecast of four faces talking monotonously on a television screen.

But wherever 16mm. film is shown, whether on television screens or on the small screens of school, library, and church, it can perform one of its greatest services in creating better international understanding of people and their problems. I see this as a kind of two-way understanding: films about us and our life going out to the screens of the world, and films about other countries, including Russia and her satellites, being shown here.

Films can go even further in promotion of international understanding, however, in interpreting to us the work of our United Nations. I refer here not to the newsreel shots of Vishinsky attacking the democratic way of life or of ourselves defending it, but rather to the positive and unfortunately little-known work that UN has already done and is trying to do in many countries of the world today; the work of the committees on health, on human welfare, on agricultural problems and flood control, and on all the other problems that face us not only as individual nations but as one world.

Eyewitness accounts on film of these activities would be absorbing in themselves. Moreover, they could help create in ourselves and in our neighbor nations the atmosphere of faith which is necessary if the only organization we have that can prevent wars is to survive and do its job.

—JULIEN BRYAN.

Film Bookshelf

FILM FORM: Essays in Film Theory. By Sergei Eisenstein. Edited and translated by Jay Leyda. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1949. 279 *pp.* $4.50.

By turns savagely polemical and whimsically humorous, following every twist of the Party line and lashing out against the mediocrities of the newer Soviet film makers, Eisenstein's last book, like all his writings, is on fire with imagination. It should be read by all who can swallow their political prejudices and enjoy a rare feast of good film writing.

Eisenstein died only a year ago, yet already he seems to belong to the remoter past. Though only thirty years old when the sound film arrived, his immense contributions to the cinema had already been made. In "Potemkin," "The General Line," and "October," his three silent films, he had carried film form forward with giant strides. Such an intricate and subtle mosaic of shots had never before been conceived, even in the fertile mind of D. W. Griffith, whom Eisenstein greatly admired. A new film language was born. But with the coming of sound, Eisenstein's inspiration seemed to flag. In his three sound films he added little to what lesser men had accomplished, and in all his writings it is to the achievements of the silent cinema that he harks back.

Eisenstein was by far the most widely read and traveled of all Soviet film makers, and he was equally at home in American, English, French, and, of course, Russian literature. He also had a lively appreciation of the qualities of American life, and his best essay in this book is on "Dickens, Griffith, and the Film Today." He also greatly extends the conception of montage, and discusses film language and structure.

Jay Leyda, well-known authority on Eisenstein's work, has done an excellently thorough job of editing and translation. Rather disingenuously, however, his introduction omits all reference to the bitter quarrels with the Soviet State which were inevitable in a man of Eisenstein's energy and imagination, and which clouded his latter years. —R. S.

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The Film Forum

SEA SAGAS

The Saturday Review's Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Two famous films of the sea, until recently only to be seen in theatres, are now available in 16mm. prints. Either of them makes an excellent centerpiece for an evening's entertainment.*

THE RAIDERS

Produced by Crown Film Unit for the British Merchant Marine. Directed by Patrick Jackson. (70 mins.) Available from Film Program Services. 1173 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y. In Technicolor.

This is a story of the North Atlantic, of the western approaches to Britain, and the part they played in keeping the island afloat during the most isolated and difficult period of the war. It is a story of cooperation between Britain and a U. S. still at peace, but giving all the aid she could to the convoys crossing the submarine-infested sea.

More particularly, "The Raiders" is the story of twenty-four men adrift in the lifeboat of the sunken freighter *Jason,* a thousand miles from the nearest landfall, but determined to make it or die in the attempt. Their skipper, Captain Thompson, dominates a film which boasts not a single trained actor but contains some very fine performances from men of the merchant marine.

While the lifeboat's feeble SOS goes wavering out over the ocean, a convoy is heading eastward from New York bound for Britain. A storm comes up, and one of the freighters, unable to hold her course at the convoy's reduced speed, gets permission to go ahead on her own with the promise of being rejoined the following day. Meanwhile, as the days pass on the lifeboat's crew is holding out on greatly reduced rations. Their strength is beginning to fail. One of them, wounded in the attack on the *Jason,* cries out in delirium night and day. There is a child of fourteen who only half realizes how serious the situation is. And there is Captain Thompson, the blunt and cheerful Northcountryman, who rallies the spirits of his crew, no matter how desperate the situation.

Then one evening the crew hears the soft thud of a U-boat's Diesel engines as it surfaces to charge batteries. They think little of it, and their faint radio signals are at last picked up by the solitary freighter, which turns and heads towards them until its smoke plume can be faintly seen on the horizon. Captain Thompson and his crew do not realize that the U-boat, loaded with its last two torpedoes, has been following them for days, waiting for just such an opportunity as this. Then begins a triangular drama between the U-boat, the lifeboat which it is using as a decoy, and the innocent freighter rapidly drawing close. For a long time after the sick man in the lifeboat has sighted the U-boat's protruding periscope, Captain Thompson refuses to send up flares—even though he risks mutiny.

These elements are brilliantly worked together by Patrick Jackson, the director, into the climax of the film. Especially convincing are the scenes in the U-boat, played entirely in German, and translated where necessary by English subtitles. Even more praiseworthy is the feeling of the sea which Jackson and his cameraman have managed to convey from start to finish. Here are no artificial studio tanks or California coastal waters. Jackson took his Technicolor camera out onto the Atlantic itself and recorded long dialogue sequences under actual conditions. The result is that he has caught the sting and lash of the waves, the changes of color, the confusion and crowding of the lifeboat, in a way which far transcends Alfred Hitchcock's famous piece of back projection.

Much of the English dialect (a random assortment from most parts of the island) may sound strange and even unintelligible to American ears. But if an overtone or two is lost, the gist of the story comes through clearly enough. And it is a story which well deserves retelling years afterwards. Already war is dangerously beginning to lose its real feeling. In imagination we shoot out squadrons of jet fighters, loose long-distance rockets across the oceans, and hurl our atom bombs from world-girdling planes. But war is not really like this—neither the last nor the next nor any other in the future. It is a very simple, personal, and human thing, affecting individuals as well as millions, and centering upon people like Captain Thompson and his crew.

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME

A Walter Wanger production directed by John Ford, starring John Wayne, Thomas Mitchell and Ian Hunter. Camera: Gregg Toland. (92 mins.) Available from Film Program Services, 1173 Sixth Ave., New York, N. Y.

This famous film of the sea, adapted from Eugene O'Neill's plays about the *S.S. Glencairn,* is too well-remembered to need detailed recapitulation. It is presented in a complete 16mm. version, with superb photographic quality and a brilliant sound track. Everyone will remember the death of Yank, the heroic efforts of Ole Olssen to get back home from the sea, and the drunken Englishman Smitty, whose tragic secret is wrested from him by his crewmates after they have worked themselves into a state of spy-mania in the strained atmosphere of the fo'castle. Indeed, it is a film of atmosphere rather than plot, but it well deserves re-seeing.

—RAYMOND SPOTTISWOODE.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y.

GEORGE AGNEW

CHAMBERLAIN'S

OVERCOAT MEETING

ANOTHER WARM NOSTALGIC TALE BY THE AUTHOR OF "PHANTOM FILLY" AND "SCUDDA-HOO! SCUDDA-HAY!"

Overcoat Meeting is as warmly American as a country fair, and Mr. Chamberlain brings it to you at the top of his storytelling form. You will thrill to the rush and roar of country harness racing and to the colorful men and women who follow the circuit with their raw-boned "jug-heads." And you will remember this throbbing romantic story of feuding backcountry families and their trotting horses.

"A novel racing fans will love and anyone who loves horse racing will enjoy."

Book-of-the-Month Club News.

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NEWS FOR APRIL

THE forces that control weather over Manhattan have been erratic for the first three months of this year, to put it mildly, but they certainly did a good job on St. Patrick's Day. Even the most blasé New Yorker must have felt a thrill as he watched the traditional procession march up a clean and shining Fifth Avenue in the brilliant March sunshine. A visiting mayor of Oslo was heard to say that it was "one of the greatest spectacles I have ever seen." That the very next morning brought us a violent snowstorm made it even more satisfying. On the morning of March 20 our newspaper told us that the swallows had come back to the San Juan Capistrano Mission on Saint Joseph's Day—March 19, as they have every year since the mission was built in 1776. Leo Politi's picture book of the swallows is reviewed below.

The Boys' Clubs of America have announced their annual Junior Book Awards, voted every year by boys all over the United States. The favored books this year are "Green Treasure," by M. I. Ross; "Highpockets," by John R. Tunis; "Li Lun, Lad of Courage," by Carilyn Treffinger; "Misty of Chincoteague," by Marguerite Henry; "The Mountain Pony and the Pinto Colt," by Henry V. Larom, and "Ranger, Sea Dog of the Royal Mounted," by Charles S. Strong.

As the *Herald Tribune* Spring Festival draws near the spring books reach their high tide. Picture books that will make attractive Easter gifts and a new anthology of poetry are singled out for special attention here this month. —MARY GOULD DAVIS.

SONG OF THE SWALLOWS. By Leo Politi. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1949. *No paging.* $2.

THIS picture book, in the format and with the coloring of Leo Politi's "Juanita," tells for little children the legend of the swallows at Father Junipero Serra's mission in Capistrano, California. The time is today, and old Julian is lovingly tending the garden that has bloomed within the mission walls for nearly 200 years. He tells little Juan the story of the swallows, and Juan watches them fly back on Saint Joseph's Day. There are three double-page paintings of the mission, and a full-page picture of Juan's little garden and of the children's welcome to the swallows. Two songs are given in full, with the music. It is a lovely book for an Easter gift, with its color and music and its reverent atmosphere.

LITTLE WILD HORSE. Story and Pictures by Hetty Burlingame Beatty. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1949. 32 *pp.* $2.

THE color printing of this big, generous picture book is very satisfying. It is a simple, realistic tale of Peter, who went with his family to live on a ranch out West. They traveled in an automobile, and they took with them the family dog and the family cat. Peter wanted his own horse so that he could help his father with the cattle, so he slowly tamed a little wild, gray horse, named it Starlight, and rode it triumphantly home to the ranch. The design in these drawings is interesting. The landscape around the ranch is all in curves, with little stiff "Noah's Ark" trees. The animals, especially the cows, are comfortable, mild-looking creatures. Even Peter's little horse is sturdy and strong and well fed, and the family pigs are very round and pink and fat. It is a picture book that will give little children a good feeling for out-of-doors, for green, fertile fields and gardens, and comfortable, secure barns and houses. Each page is outlined in golden yellow and the color everywhere is rich and deep.

SURPRISE BALLOON. Written and Illustrated by Emma Brock. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1949. *No paging.* $1.50.

A GAY little picture book printed in green and yellow, this is the story of the Easter rabbit who found a collapsed balloon and, instructed by a wise puppy, blew it up. When the balloon, blown to enormous size, lifted the rabbit off the ground, his friends—the puppy, a kitten, a pig, and a duck—went along with him in a procession that trailed across the sky. They all got a good ducking in a small lake, but they were none the worse for their adventure. Amusing drawings on every page and a particularly clear, large type tell this Easter story by a well-known and much-loved author and artist.

BILLY AND THE BEAR. Story and Pictures by Laura Bannon. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1949. *No paging.* $2.50.

BILLY was visiting his grandmother in Cedarville, Michigan, and Gertie, the bear, was being trained for the circus at a farmhouse not far

—From "Bridled with Rainbows."

LOUISE DICKINSON RICH'S
first work of fiction
Start of the Trail
This STORY OF A YOUNG MAINE GUIDE has all the woods-wisdom, freedom and tang of *We Took to the Woods* — an action-packed account of a young man's first summer as a guide for fishermen and hunters from "outside." Jacket and frontispiece in color by E. B. Walden. $2.50
At all bookstores
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A modern classic
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from the village. When Gertie ran away from Ben Wilson's farm the men of the village got out their guns. But Billy knew that Gertie meant no harm to anyone. She was probably just trying to find some candy or some honey. So, when she appeared in Grandma's front yard, Billy knew that he must hold her until Ben arrived. He gave her the cookies and the fudge that he was going to sell in order to buy a bicycle. He kept her quiet and interested while the village people peered out of their windows, not daring to come into the street. He even made Gertie dance to her favorite tune, sung, rather weakly, by Billy himself and the twins. When Ben came to take Gertie home he told Billy that the fifty-dollar reward offered for the safe return of the highly-trained Gertie was his. So Billy got his bicycle and Gertie joined the circus.

This might easily be a true story, and it certainly is a very entertaining one. Laura Bannon's paintings, reproduced in rich color, are realistic and amusing. There is something secure and reassuring about Cedarville and its people. No one, of any age, can look at the portrait of Gertie in her ruffled gown with the bustle and her flowered hat and not grin broadly or even laugh aloud. This is a delightful picture book.

MRS. POLLY'S PARTY. Written and Illustrated by Winifred Bromhall. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1949. *No paging.* $1.50.

LITTLE children will enjoy this tale of a little old lady who lived "in a tiny house at the foot of the mountains," just as they enjoyed Miss Bromhall's earlier book, "Belinda's New Shoes." Mrs. Polly was the confidante and friend of all the children and of all the little animals of woods and fields who lived near her tiny house. Her nicest party for the children was the "Sugar on Snow" festival in the early spring, when the maple trees yielded their sweetness and the children dropped hot syrup on white snow and watched it turn into "sweet, delicious, golden-brown candy." Many drawings in black and white with a touch of red illustrate the story of Mrs. Polly and her friends.

FOUR, FIVE, SIX: Modern Rhymes for Young Children. By Rosalie S. Jacoby. Illustrated by Nancy Dunn. Los Angeles: Savage & Savage. 1949. *No paging.* $1.50.

THIS is a series of rhymes about things that are familiar to little children. Each rhyme has a drawing

MORROW *junior* BOOKS

SON OF THE VALLEY

By JOHN R. TUNIS. When the TVA dam wiped out his home, 16-year-old Johnny was determined to use modern methods on the new farm. His two-way battle—against stubborn elders and flood waters—makes stirring reading. *Ages 12 up.* $2.50

THE TOTEM CASTS A SHADOW

By MARGARET E. BELL. Tension grips this story of a pioneer family in Alaska . . . and their uneasy relationship with their Indian neighbors. The heroine is Florence Monroe, beloved by readers of "Watch for a Tall White Sail." *Ages 12 up.* $2.50

HOMING PIGEONS

By HERBERT S. ZIM. For adults and young people—an authoritative book on homing pigeons: starting the flock, building pens and nesting boxes, feeding, exercising, training, racing. Illustrated by James Gordon Irving. *Ages 12 up.* $2.00

A SUNDAE WITH JUDY

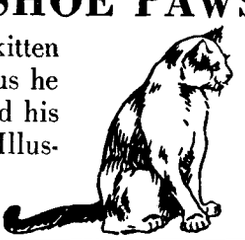
By FRIEDA FRIEDMAN. A gay, friendly story about neighborhood life in New York City . . . and about Judy, who loved to help in her father's candy store by making sodas and sundaes. Illustrated by Carolyn Haywood. *Ages 8-12.* $2.50

DAVY OF THE EVERGLADES

By ELEANOR FRANCES LATTIMORE. Davy liked to explore the Florida Everglades. He often saw alligators and strange water birds. His joy knew no bounds when he was given a little spotted fawn as a pet. Illustrated by the author. *Ages 6-10.* $2.00

SNOWSHOE PAWS

By MARGARET S. JOHNSON. The story of a kitten with big six-toed paws who was so mischievous he had to be sent away from home. But he found his way back and earned the right to stay there. Illustrated by the author. *Ages 4-8.* $2.00



Ask for these books at your bookstore

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printed in red, blue, and black. They have rhythm and a touch of humor and will probably appeal to realistically-minded small boys and girls.

THE WIDOW WOMAN AND HER GOAT. By Mary Walsh. Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1949. *No paging.* $1.75.

MARY WALSH tells this tale of a poor Irishwoman who wanted a child; Billy Bucko, her goat; the mountainy man, and the fairies just as it would be told by an Irish storyteller. It flows along with the rhythm of a folktale and it has the true folk humor. The fairies steal an unwanted little boy and the mountainy man gets him away from them. He is a grand character, sitting in his little house singing the praises of the Lord and writing them down in a great book. But Billy Bucko, the goat, is not satisfied with the home the mountainy man finds for the child. So he does two things. First he makes the poor widow woman rich with his rambunctious goings-on. Then he forces the fairies to bring the child to her. Billy is as funny and as helpful as the "helpful animals" in the old folktales.

Henry Pitz has made some unusual drawings for this story. The fairies are truly Irish, the mountainy man truly impressive, and Billy cavorts across the page in a way that will delight boys and girls. With its rhythmic text and dramatic pictures, this is a fine choice for a story hour.

BRIDLED WITH RAINBOWS. Selected by Sara and John E. Brewton. Decorations by Vera Bock. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1949. 189 *pp.* $2.75.

JOHN BREWTON has compiled two other anthologies: "Under the Tent of the Sky," poems about animals and birds, and "Gaily We Parade," poems about people. In this, with the help of Sara Brewton, he selects poems "about many things of earth and sky." They are from modern poets as well as from classical ones: Rachel Field, Elizabeth Coatsworth, Eleanor Farjeon, Frances Frost, Herbert Asquith, and Dorothy Baruch as well as Mother Goose, William Blake, and Robert Browning. The titles for the eleven divisions are imaginative and stimulating. There is an author, a title, and a first-line index. It is a very well-made book that opens flat in your hand with original and distinguished decorations in black and white, and a particularly lovely cover-jacket in blue and gold.

ISLAND SUMMER. By Hazel Wilson. Illustrated by Richard Floethe. New York: Abingdon-Cokesbury Press. 1949. 175 *pp.* $2.

THE Dustin family came from Colorado to spend the summer on an island off the coast of Maine. Dave, who was twelve and small for his age, made friends immediately with Bert Bibber, who was a lobster man and a typical "Maine—iac." It was Bert who initiated the three Dustin children and their Western father into the ways of the island people, into the delights of fishing, clamming, and "lobstering." "Don't let anybudy tell you that lobstering ain't hard work," he said. "At that I'd ruther do it than be cooped up like some folks be. I like to be where I have plenty of elbow room, and there's plenty out there. I'd be a fish out of water away from the sea." Dave played his part in the wreck of a coastal freighter on the island shore. He caught and kept the monkey that escaped from it, but he did not catch the tiger cub that got away into the woods. There was a good deal of trouble on the island before it was shot with the gun that Mr. Dustin bought in Portland.

Like "The Owen Boys," this is a fine story for both boys and girls. The characters are natural and likable people. Pine Island is so vividly pictured that even its smells become real to the reader. There are many full-page drawings and an end-paper map.

START OF THE TRAIL: The Story of a Young Maine Guide. By Louise Dickinson Rich. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1949. 216 *pp.* $2.50.

ANYONE, of any age, who goes to the Maine woods for fishing, hunting, water or winter sports, or merely to enjoy their beauty and freshness will have a good time reading this story. Its plot is a fairly conventional one. Bill Gordon is the son of a forest warden. He was born and brought up in the Northern wilderness. He was just eighteen when he became a licensed guide, and his first "sports" were a father and son who liked Bill and appreciated his skill and his knowledge of the woods and streams. At the end of the story Mr. Freeman lends, not gives, Bill the money to take him through college.

The strength and charm of the book lie not as much in the story as in Mrs. Rich's almost uncanny power of bringing the north woods and their people to her readers. There is an absolute rightness in her word pictures of the peace and the beauty, the cruelty and the terror of that great forest that covers northern Maine and runs over the Canadian border. She is even happier in her characterization of its people: the "Major," who runs the camp for the "outlanders"; Bill's father, the warden; the wise old guide, Lige. Their humor and honesty and their peculiar philosophy run through every paragraph of the story. There is unusual writing in Mrs. Rich's description of the "bad lands"—the mysterious, remote marsh region where all normal life seems to have ceased or to be so hidden that no mortal eye can detect it. There is drama in the forest-fire scene where man's courage and stamina are tested to the limits of human endurance. In contrast with the primitive forces that these people have learned so well to counter are the serene home that the Gordon family has made in the forest, the graciousness of Bill's mother and little sister.

—From "The Widow Woman and Her Goat."

There is action and drama enough in the story to satisfy boys and girls who seek adventure; but its greatest value lies in its honest and understanding picture of a way of life and a man-made standard that prevail in a region that is known and loved by thousands of Americans.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
LP FROM THE INDEPENDENTS		
FOUR AMERICAN LANDSCAPES: Gilbert, Dance in the Place Congo; Copland, Quiet City; Ives, Housatonic at Stockbridge; Cowell, Desert Drone. Janssen Symph. of L. A. Artist 100 (1 *LP*); also Artist JS 13 (4)	A quite stunning large orch. recording—West Coast brittle brilliance, prominent highs, but here with adequate tonal liveness. A fine sound. Some imperfect spots my LP copy; otherwise excellent, very quiet. I'd say the LP version is better than 78 standard one.	First trickle of a small promised flood of non-Columbia LP's. Concert Hall has fourteen coming, Mercury a good number, not yet received. Artist's "Landscapes" vary: "Congo" is noisily conventional à la Carpenter, dull. "Quiet City" is a mature, unpretentious slow movement, dissonant-impressionist, a first-rate bit. Ives's "Housatonic" is a weird experiment in highly dissonant divided strings, sounds like the Amazon. "Drone" is a non-dissonant pedal-point, near-East in flavor (American or no!).
BRAHMS: CLARINET QUINTET, OP. 115. Stuyvesant Quartet, A. Gallodoro, cl. Concert Hall CHC-4 (1 *LP*)	Concert Hall is acquiring LP rights in several independent catalogues; Brahms (International) is the first. Excellent idea with benefits for all of us. International's Brahms recording is one of finest jobs acoustically I know—wonderful ambient liveness, fine balance. It beats Concert Hall's own, in the Vivaldi. Both are technically excellent jobs on LP, good surfaces.	The Brahms, superbly recorded, is a sincere but logy performance, musical enough to enjoy. For Vivaldi see *SRL* Dec. 4.
VIVALDI: THE FOUR SEASONS. (4 concertos). C. H. Soc. String Orch. Louis Kaufman, vl. Concert Hall CHC-1 (1 *LP*)		

TOO FAR

TRUE, it is hard to see how the advent of the new rival phonograph systems could be considered less than unfortunate. True, the consumer gets it in the neck, pinioned by the *de facto* necessity of acquiring triplicate playing equipment. The situation is a mess of sorts.

But no such mess as the present overbearish trend might indicate. Is recorded music of such ephemeral interest that we collectors desert it in droves at a sign of trouble? Are record sales so very undependable that right now most stores must sacrifice the supposedly eternal classics right and left for big discounts? Has the record war killed off the record buyer?

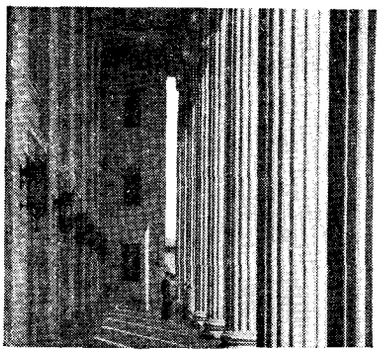
What kind of absurdity is this! Sensational articles appear claiming that record collectors have ceased buying by the millions, that the business is shot to somewhere for good, that the boom is over and the bust is on. The bears are in full fettle over the land. Pessimists exult. It's a buyer's market.

Don't tell me that any respectable record collector is to be downed by mere mechanical complexity. (Not when so many of us thrive on it, spend our lives making one change after another in the joyful search for perfection!) Don't tell me that improvements, even warring and conflicting, are to be ignored by the disgusted cognoscenti. Don't even suggest that these two new records—both probably superior to the old type in the long run, both undoubtedly more convenient in the use, both saving enormously in space and enough in price to pay for added equipment—are to be side-stepped by any large slice of our bargain-sharp coterie. Not for long.

A mess—but dealers take heart, collectors stand on your musical feet; Mozart is still Mozart. We have all that we had before and more, though the New Life be complex. Wait a few months for your permanent three-speed equipment, if you will, until the technology of three-speed playing is better worked out. But cut the groaning and forget the boycott.

—EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

"KNOWLEDGE IS MORE THAN EQUIVALENT TO FORCE"
Samuel Johnson



MINNESOTA SUMMER SESSION

This summer come to Minnesota—more than 1000 subjects of study are offered covering every field of education and scientific interest. This great University offers an attractive program of extra-curricular activities including physical recreation in many forms, outstanding musical and dramatic programs, stimulating lectures on a variety of subjects, and many interesting social events. In connection with the Territorial Centennial, special emphasis will be given to the regional history, geography, economics, and culture of the Northwest, with the usual special courses and workshops for teachers in primary, secondary and higher education. Teaching staff numbers more than 900 including many educators of national and international renown. Libraries and laboratories offer outstanding opportunity for graduate work and research.

First term registration, Monday and Tuesday, June 13 and 14. Second term registration, Monday, July 25. Write now for complete bulletin. Dean of Summer Session. 915 Administration Building.

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
MINNEAPOLIS 14, MINNESOTA

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the Phoenix Nest

SPRING COMES TO WESTCHESTER

FORSYTHIA turns to yellow on the bough,
The waxen-white magnolia petals fall,
The traffic flows along the parkway now—
The air is clear, and green horizons call.
The master-of-the-house dusts off the screens:
This is the season of a hundred chores;
The housewife thinks of salad-bowl and greens
And floral prints that blossom in the stores.
Suburban homes with geometric hedges
Reflect the pruning of the early riser;
The purple rock-moss trickles on the ledges,
And lawns are redolent of fertilizer.
And dwellers in The Bronx come out to pillage
Armfuls of dogwood from a leafy village.

—KATHARINE O'BRIEN.

* * *

I am glad to print the following from Gladys Bollman, of East Gloucester, Mass.

> May I propose a Jane Austen dinner party?
>
> This party is given by Mr. and Mrs. George Knightley of Donwell Manor.
>
> The seating arrangement is as follows, reading in a clockwise direction: Emma Knightley, Capt. Wentworth, Jane Fairfax, Mr. Bennet, Mary Crawford, Henry Tilney, Mrs. Croft, Mr. Knightley, Anne Wentworth, Frank Churchill, Eliza Bennet, Henry Crawford, Catherine Tilney, and Admiral Croft.
>
> This is a rather large party, fourteen, but there was no lack of servants, after Emma took over; Donwell Manor had at least "one or two handsome rooms" as well as "many comfortable" ones; and there was no rationing or shortages.
>
> A smaller party, of course, might be arranged. But ten is not a good number, otherwise we might have left out the Tilneys and the Bennets and had a more homogeneous and solid dish. But we felt that in such a company Mr. Bennet might contribute any number of bon mots, and we thought it would be good for Eliza Bennet to meet the kind of man she belongs with, before she is tied up to her stuffed shirt Fitzwilliam Darcy. We are speculating whether she dreams that night of Frank Churchill or Henry Crawford.
>
> We asked the Tilneys rather because Henry is a really nice person and we want him to have a chance, than because of what he can contribute. Catherine of course is still a bit of a nincompoop, but she has developed amazingly since her marriage. Henry Crawford will like her, Admiral Croft will like her. And if her husband handles her well and sees to it that she returns all her social obligations to such people as the Knightleys and the Crawfords, we believe that she may come to be a girl not unlike Mrs. Wentworth. Emma Knightley would certainly find her more promising material than Harriet, in case she still has the urge to take on a protegée, now that her nursery is full of little Knightleys.
>
> I am sorry no one from "Sense and Sensibility" could be asked. The impossible Lucy Ferrars is the only one with brains enough, and of course she would not fit in at all.
>
> As I have already spent far more time on arranging this dinner than I can afford to give, may I ask that some of your other readers go on and plan how the rest of the evening was spent, as well as improve on the seating arrangement if possible?

* * *

BELOW THE MASON AND DICTION

The Southern accent, soft and sure,
Has Yankees trapped with its allure.
The real enchantment of the South
Is certainly by word of mouth!

—NAN EMANUEL.

* * *

Gerard E. Jensen sent me a note back in January to say that Melville Cane was in error about the date of publication of Bunner's "The Poems." It came out in 1896. "See 'The Life and Letters of H. C. Bunner,' page 161. I do not recall seeing the poem Mrs. Buckingham asks about, but in the biography the chapter on Bunner the Poet gives information about the poems that did not get into Bunner's volumes of verse."

Margaret Lewis Albanese produces and narrates "Arrows in the Air," fifteen minutes of contemporary poetry presented by the Creative Writing Workshop of Marin Branch, AAUW, San Rafael, Calif., now at 3:00 P.M. on Sundays, and writes me:

> Why don't poetry lovers take advantage of a made-to-order situation which is right under their noses? New "local" radio stations are springing up all over the country, and if you go to them armed with some confidence (and a little know-how) you can usually get time on the air. We did just that almost two years ago, and we're still going strong. What if we're not on NBC, and what if we don't get paid for our work? *Good poetry*, not sentimental drivel, is getting a hearing and our audience, composed of people from all walks of life, is growing by leaps and bounds.
>
> Yes, there are a number of tricks of the trade, and if you think any of your readers would like some help in launching a similar project, we'd be glad to share our experience with them.
>
> The station is KTIM, 1510, San Rafael, Calif.

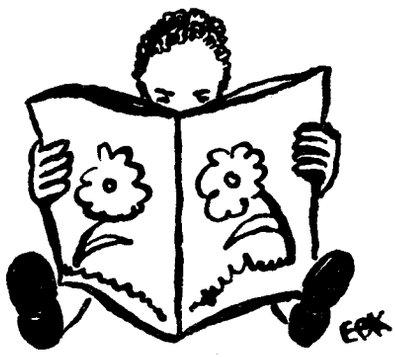
* * *

The New School quarterly *Twelfth Street* is planning a special poetry issue. Contributions are invited and should be sent c/o Morris Weisenthal, Poetry Editor, *Twelfth Street*, New School, 66 W. 12th St., New York 11, N. Y.

* * *

Jonathan Marshall, son of Lenore Marshall the poet and James Marshall the educator, was chairman of the original executive committee which launched *The Carolina Quarterly* at the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C., where Paul Green the playwright says there is a great chance for such a publication. All of you will remember the Carolina Playmakers in the days of Tom Wolfe and "Proff" Koch. Here is another cultural venture—a chance for poems and stories and a high standard of writing. The NEST grabs its bonnet off to the new *Quarterly*. May it thrive!

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.



SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 784)

MORTON:

IN SEARCH OF SOUTH AFRICA

I delighted in a country of haunting beauty and found myself among a people whose kindness and warmth of heart are not anywhere exceeded. . . . The newcomer to South Africa quickly discovers the complexity of the country's problems.

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REPORTER-AT-LARGE

(Continued from page 17)

nue Delicatessen. Fellow sold war bonds during war, millions of dollars' worth. Also composed little poems which he recited to delicatessen customers. Amusing and touching. Good title: 'The Bard in the Delicatessen.' This chap can really write. Never know what he's going to do next. Pieces on Judge Learned Hand (appeared in *Life*); Martin Block, the WNEW disc jockey; Mrs. Elizabeth S. Kingsley, whom he calls unquestioned queen of puzzle-makers. (Note: doesn't she work for you people?) Lots of fine, brief pieces he wrote for Talk of the Town department of *New Yorker*. Covers La Guardia, Babe Ruth, Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. Maxim Kopf (she the former Dorothy Thompson). Read the latter twice. Kind of subtle. Recommend it. Noticed one piece about visit to 1948 Republican National Convention. Odd. Written sort of like this.

"Last section of the book much more serious. Didn't laugh any more. Got absorbed, and Jake went to another booth. Fellow in the other booth ordered a beer for him. Stopped drinking beer myself, wanted to concentrate. Two excellent pieces about Italy. Describes a visit to Anzio beachhead about the time war ended. Very moving. The other one was about death of Mussolini. Grim. 'Letter from Berchtesgaden' followed. Moody and ironic. This man gets around. He next visited Tito's Yugoslavia and wasn't too happy about what he found there. But what writing! Style and satiric wit, and wonderful clarity. Last piece in book best of all, *I* think. Called 'Winds off the Pampas.' Describes a prevalent myth in Argentina, about Hitler hiding out there. How well he catches atmosphere of fear, unrest, and secrecy. Doesn't seem to like Perón at all. Evita Perón even less, if possible. Admirable last paragraph.

"Understand this is Philip Hamburger's first book. What a start. A really rare book, filled with delights and surprises. Has knack of finding happiest form in which to arrange his impressions. Altogether unawed by personages he meets, yet has lots of warm feeling for people. Looks to me like he comes close to being best American reporter of our time. Take opinion for what it's worth. Left booth finally, paid for beer. Wondered whether to lend book to Jake. Decided against it. Probably wouldn't get it back, for one thing. For another, marvelous to have around for reading aloud to friends."

CLASSIFIED

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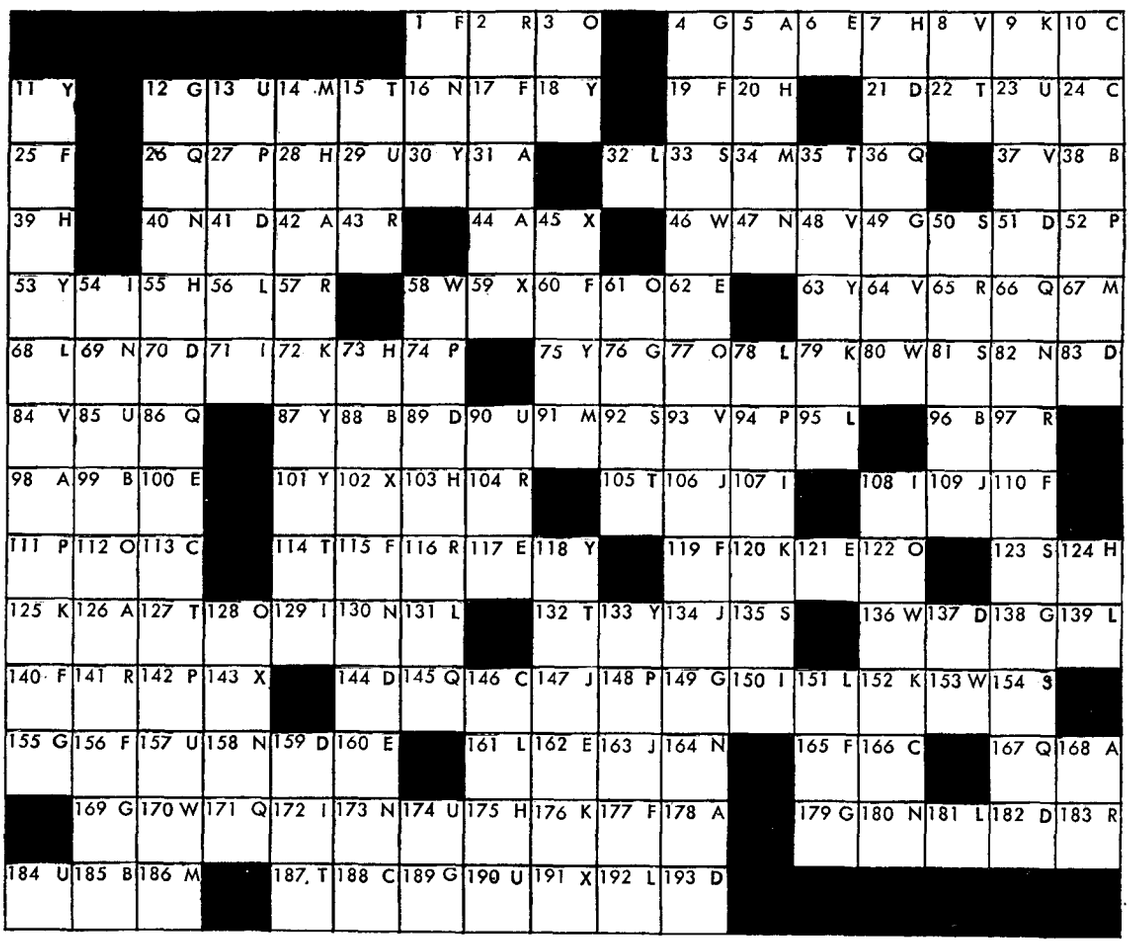
By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Guiding; directing.	178 44 5 31 126 42 168 98
B. A long-tailed lemur of Madagascar (native name).	38 88 185 99 96
C. Northern Chuds (Finnish tribe now merged with general pop. between Dnieper and Volga).	146 166 188 10 113 24
D. Collecting, esp. the harvest.	89 193 144 159 21 51 41 182 83 137 70
E. Last; final (Fr.).	160 100 121 117 162 6 62
F. English actor-manager; wide range of classic roles (full name; 1853-1917).	165 110 177 17 156 19 115 119 1 140 60 25
G. A disreputable tatterdemalion.	49 155 4 179 76 169 138 12 189 149
H. Form of Dutch spoken in So. Africa.	7 20 175 55 28 73 124 103 37
I. Last name of a famous Border character in Scott's "Guy Mannering."	54 71 107 150 129 172 103
J. Floral emblem of Hawaii.	163 147 109 106 134
K. Within the law; lawful.	9 152 125 120 176 79 72
L. River in Wyoming and Montana, 600 miles long, into the Missouri.	95 181 78 68 192 161 131 32 139 56 151
M. A son of Usnech, beloved of Deirdre (noted Irish legend).	186 67 14 34 91
N. Off the vertical (3 wds.).	69 16 82 158 173 47 164 130 180 40
O. French conductor, organist, composer (1863-1937).	77 61 3 128 112 122
P. *Rhine siren of German* legend, enticing mariners.	74 111 148 142 94 52 27
Q. State of being without life.	167 26 171 145 36 66 86
R. Spring festival in China, with special offerings to the dead (2 wds.).	65 2 116 97 104 141 183 43 57
S. *Groups or cycles of nine* gods (Egypt, relig.).	33 135 92 50 81 123 154
T. The windpipe.	35 22 105 187 114 132 15 127
U. A dispensation or appointment, as of Fate.	174 157 90 29 85 13 190 184 23
V. A drink of ale spiced or mixed with spirits (2 wds.).	37 64 8 48 84 93
W. Left complete or entire.	136 170 153 46 80 58
X. A fishing or coastwise trading vessel (India).	143 59 102 45 191
Y. *Gives insight to; instructs.*	87 30 101 75 118 133 11 18 53 63

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



APRIL 9, 1949

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 40 of this issue.

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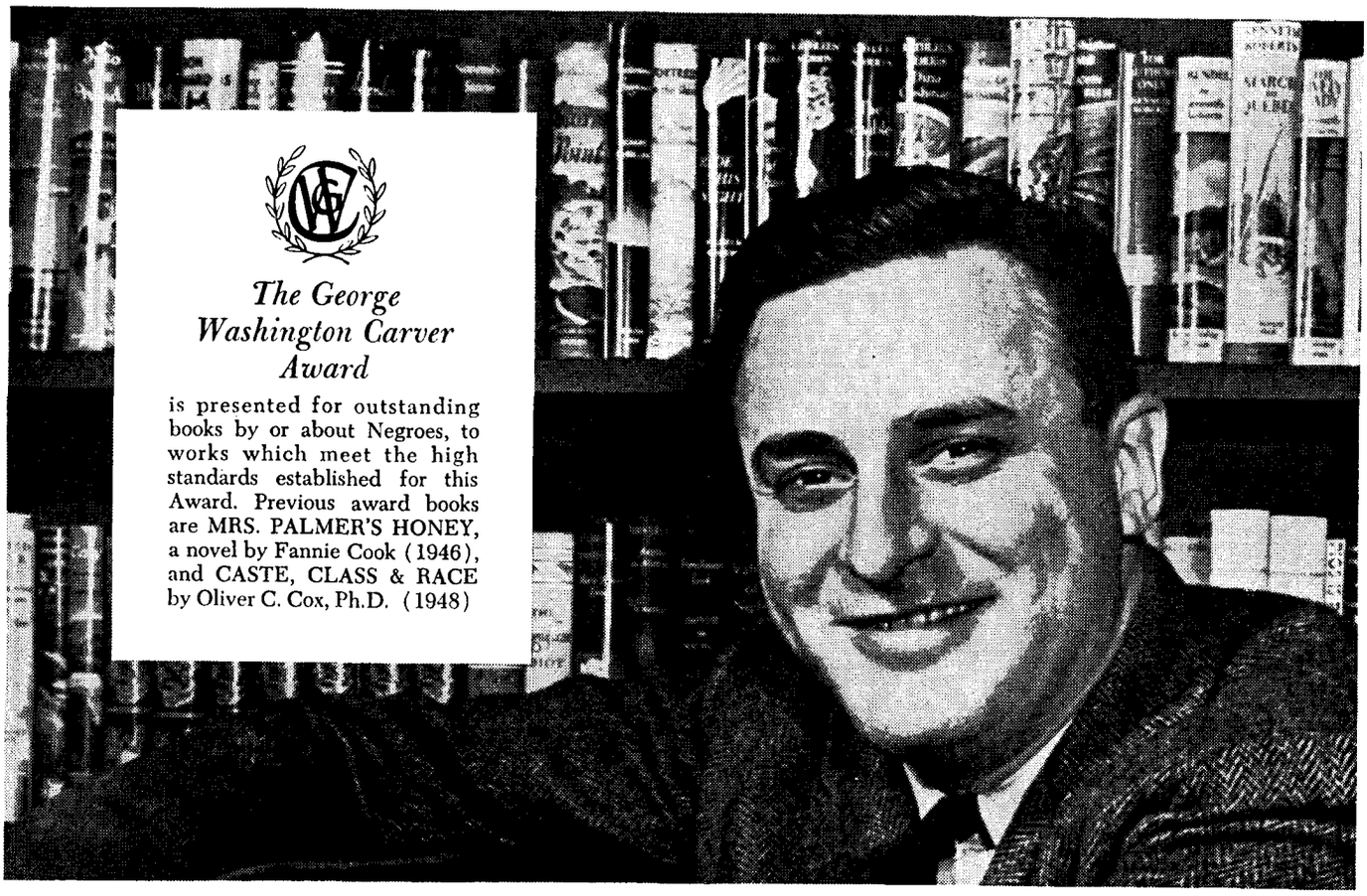
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